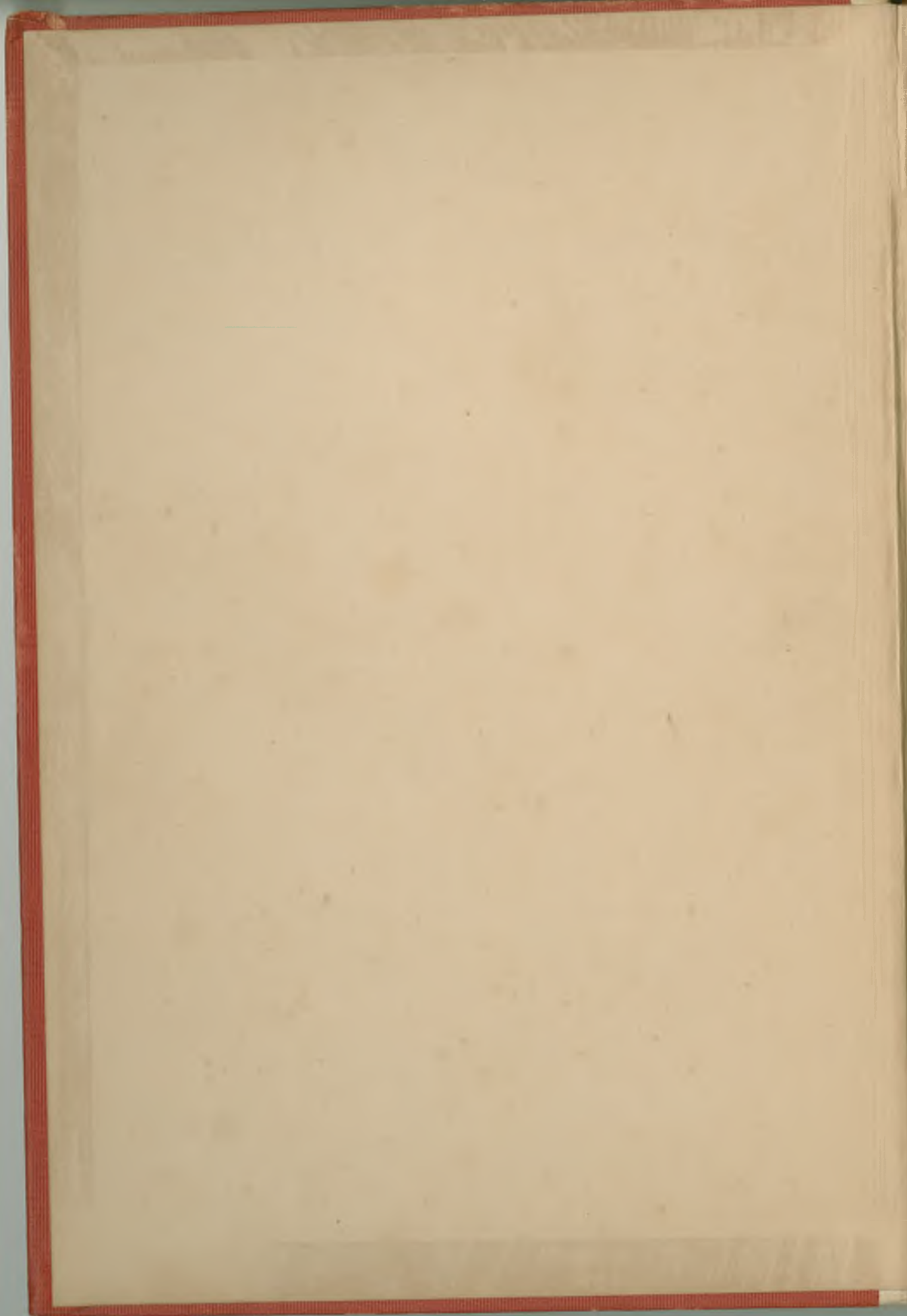
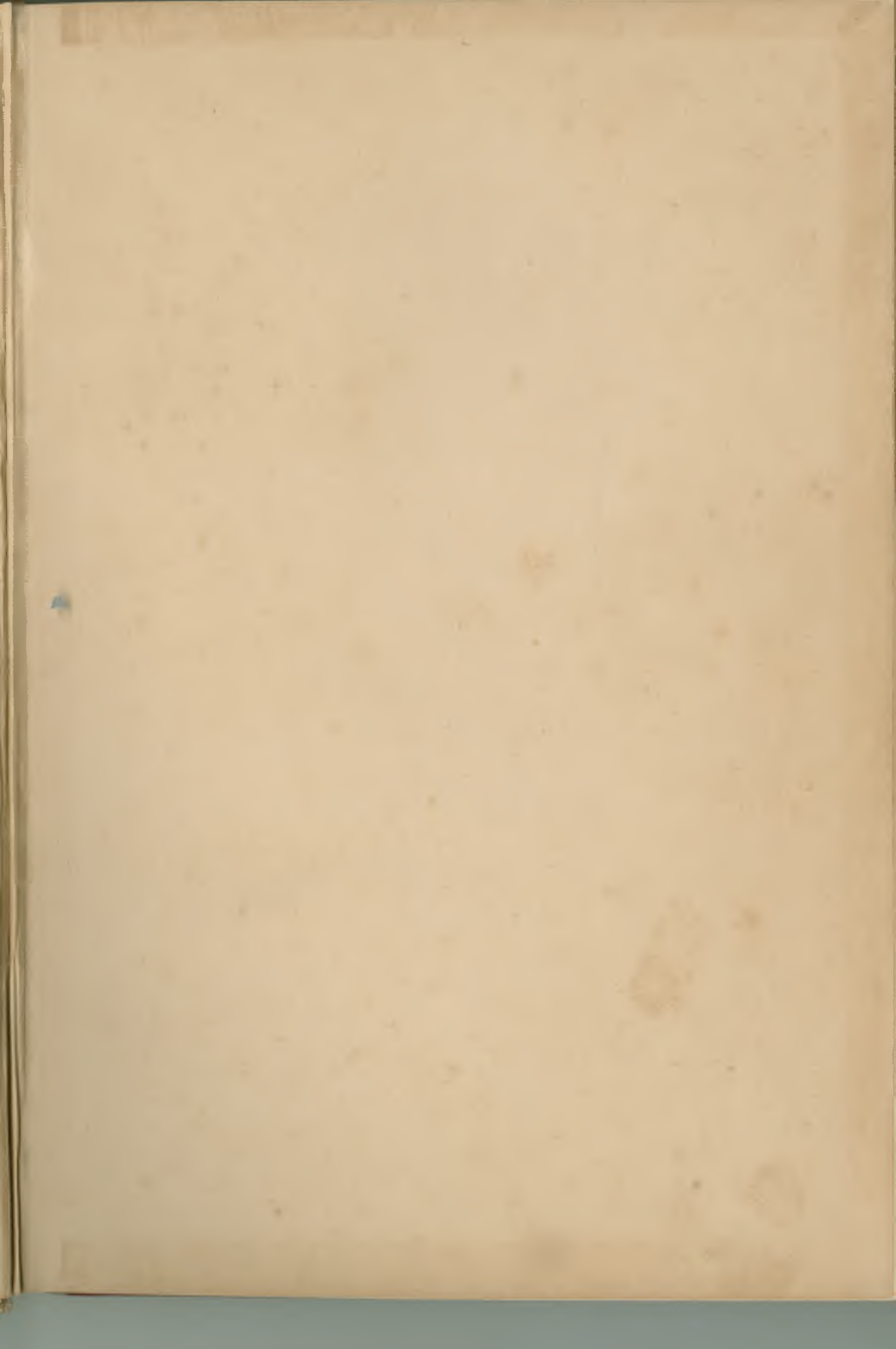


—But We Built the
CARS

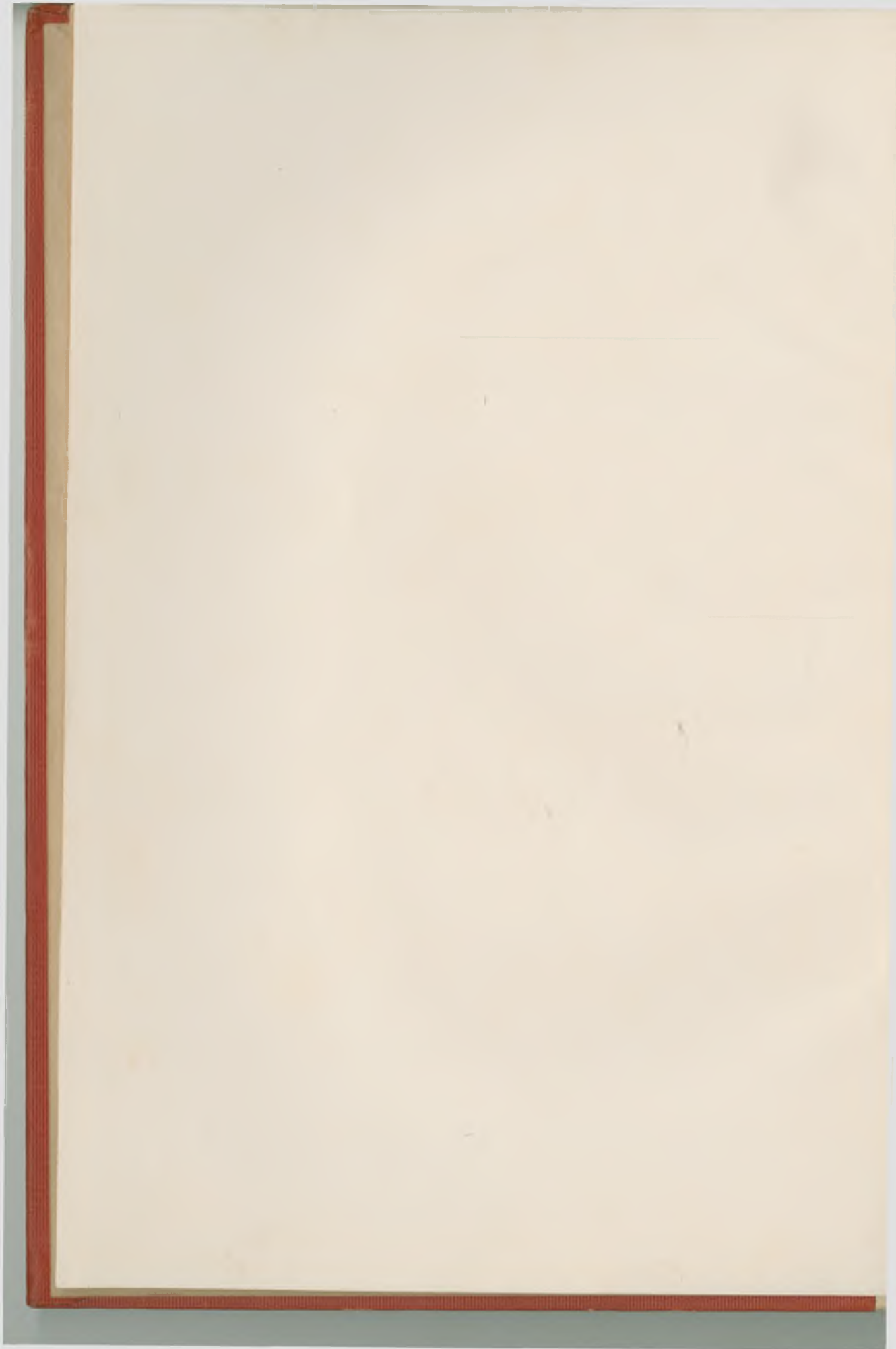


35th Engineers
U. S. A.

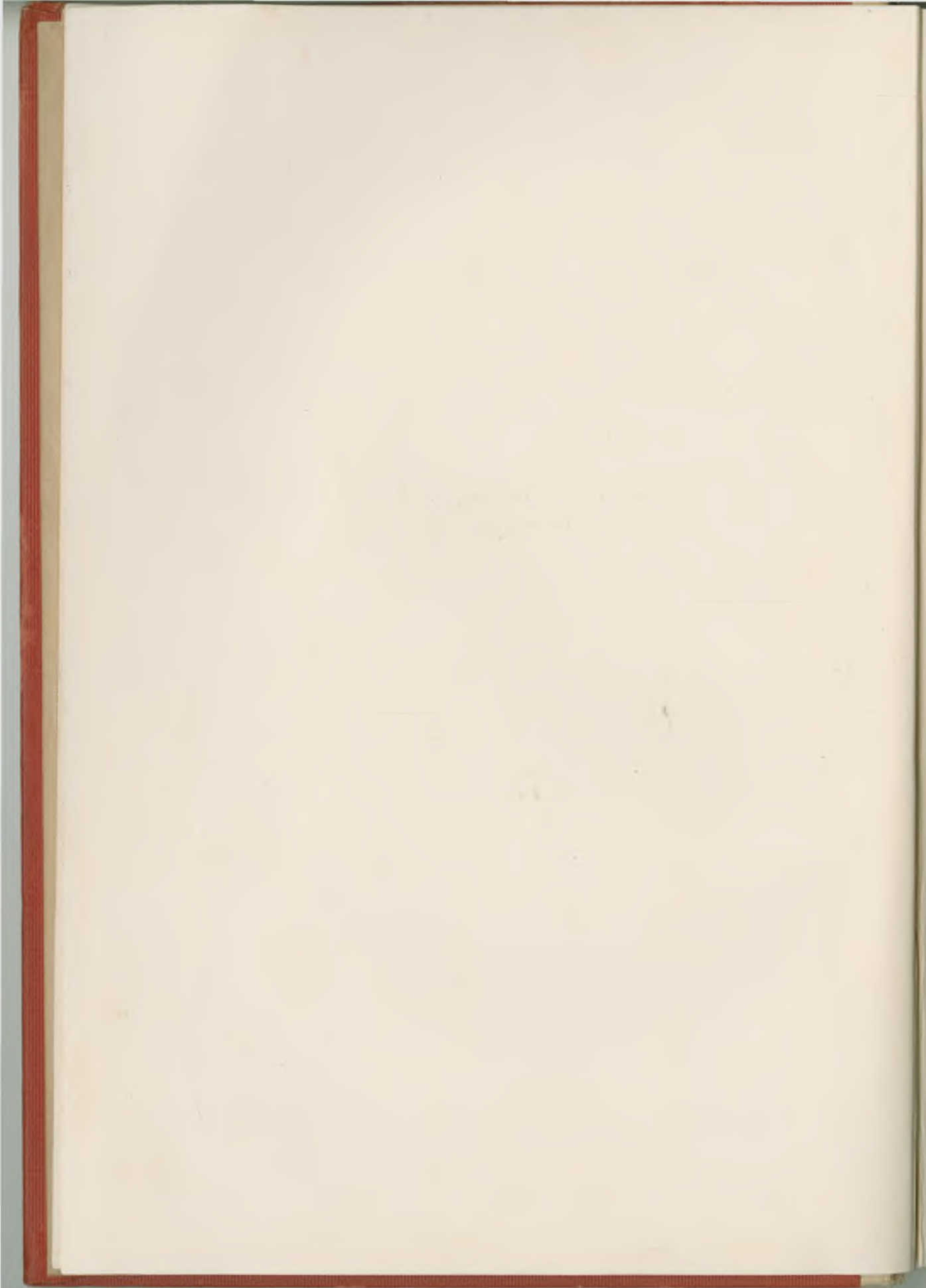








THE 35TH ENGINEERS, U. S. A.
IN FRANCE



—But We Built the Cars

A RECORD
OF THE WORK DONE BY
THE 35TH ENGINEERS, U.S.A.
IN FRANCE



1922
PRIVATELY PRINTED
NEW YORK

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DON L. CLEMENT

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PREFACE

SHORTLY before the 35th Regiment of Engineers was disbanded at La Rochelle, France, the officers, then on duty with the unit, met and organized an Officers Association. Major Robert Tinsley was elected President; Captain Don L. Clement was elected Secretary and Treasurer; Lieutenant Raymond O. Schafer was elected Assistant Secretary and Treasurer.

All money derived from the sale of property belonging to the Officers' Mess was turned over to the Treasurer that it might be used to defray the expenses of the Association. The organization of the Association was principally for the purpose of continuing those extremely pleasant associations among the officers, made possible by the organization of this special regiment. The secondary purpose was the publication of a volume pertaining to the activities of the regiment, for distribution among those officers who had been privileged to serve with this unit.

The Secretary and Treasurer was selected as the individual, whose duty it should be to prepare and publish this historical work. Never having set forth any claims concerning his ability as an author, he does not feel any apologies are due to those who made the selection, whether or not this edition meets with the expectations or desires of the reader. It may be assumed, therefore, that the writer believes he should "stand pat" on the volume as it is edited, inasmuch as he has contributed his best efforts towards the success of this book. He trusts it may meet with the utmost approval of those, who in any way made its publication possible.

There have been foisted upon the reading public, since the cessation of hostilities, hundreds of volumes pertaining to the war and all of its many phases. Upon entering a book store, one instantly gains the impression that every person, who may have gotten near enough to the scene of hostilities to view a transport leaving for "over there" and has been fortunate in returning to his native land, even via the hospital, has heard the wild call of the "quill" and sat him down to write of what he saw or heard—with variations.

In the preparation of this volume, the writer has endeavored to tell the story of the regiment without too great resort to statistics. There were two reasons for this: first, statistics are very difficult to procure and secondly, they

are, at best, unsatisfactory reading for the average reader. Every subject has been treated in as intimate a manner as was possible.

In that portion of the volume devoted to the officers, personalities have been indulged in to some extent in the belief that this treatment of each individual would add greatly to the interest created. Captain George J. Krakow contributed the rhymes concerning each officer and is entitled to great credit for the manner in which he has handled such a difficult task.

The record made by the 35th Regiment of Engineers was one of which all may well be proud. In the preparation of this volume, an effort has been made to be perfectly honest in every statement. The writer has tried very hard, indeed, to handle the situation in such a way, that, above all things, the reader may not gain the impression that we are a bit egotistical concerning the worth of our particular organization.

DON L. CLEMENT.

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BRIGADIER GENERAL W. W. ATTERBURY
Commanding Transportation Corps
A. E. F.

FROM the point of view of requirements and results, the 35th Engineers was one of the most valuable and important of the military units of the American Expeditionary Forces.

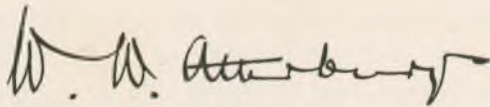
A crying need of the Allies at the time the United States entered the World War was for additional locomotives and cars for the transportation of troops, munitions and supplies. They were lacking in this respect both in men and material to meet the situation confronting them, and, consequently, it was imperative that these needs should be met by the United States. To this end orders were placed in this country for locomotives and cars, practically all of which shipments were transported to France in a "knocked down" condition, and there erected by organizations sent from the United States.

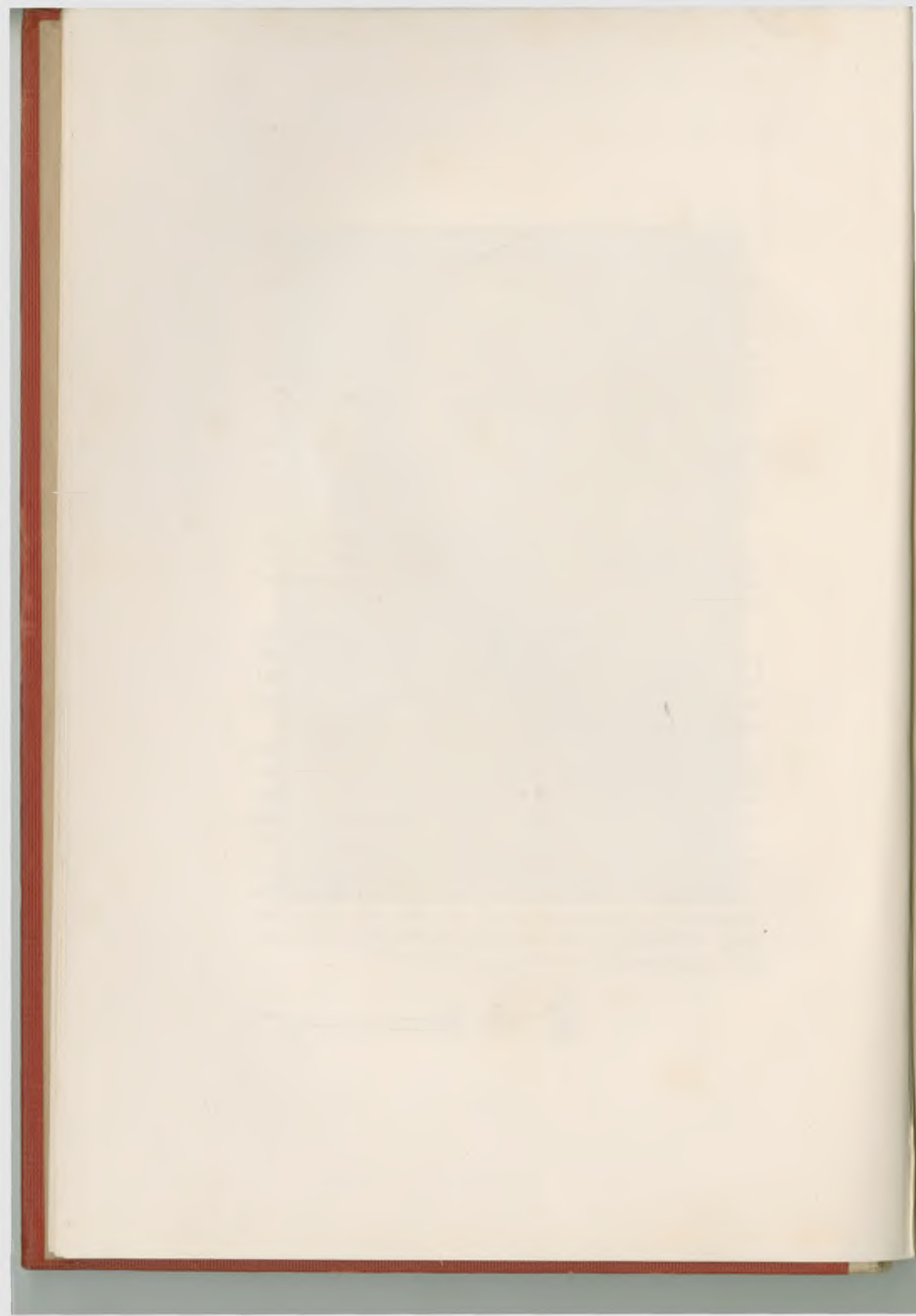
The 35th Engineers was organized and equipped for the purpose of erecting cars received from the States, but, in addition, it rendered every effective assistance in the repair of French railway equipment.

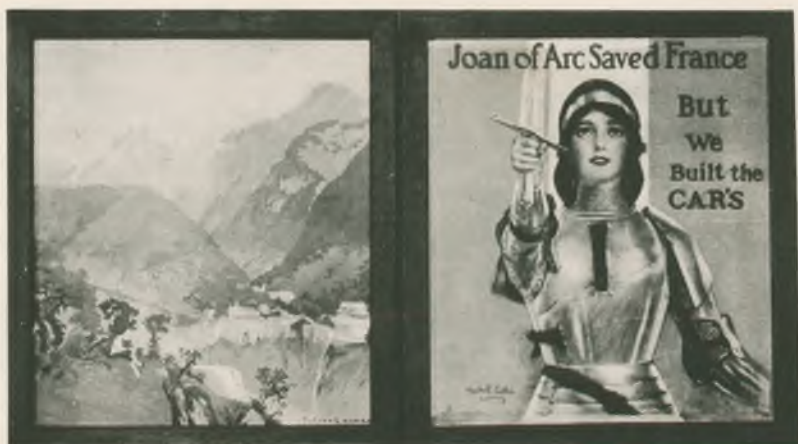
The manner in which the Regiment proceeded with the erection and equipment of its plant for the erection of cars, and the efficiency and splendid discipline that characterized its entire service in France, rank with the outstanding achievements of the American Expeditionary Forces.

The work of the organization was accomplished under great difficulties and trying conditions, and its notable performance in the output of cars (which at all times during the American participation in the war was among the most vital and pressing needs) unquestionably had a very substantial bearing upon the success of our arms.

I consider it a very great pleasure indeed to have had the opportunity of being associated in the war with such a fine body of officers and men as constituted the personnel of the 35th Engineers.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "W. W. Atterbury". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.





THE SERVICE OF SUPPLY

THE success of an army in its operations against an enemy is, and must always be, entirely dependent upon the organization of an efficient Service of Supply. In the making of this statement, there is no intention of taking from the combatant forces of an army any of the credit rightfully belonging to them.

When the average individual gives any thought to the subject of an army or its personnel, he usually pictures in his mind the fighting man, only. When he thinks of a soldier, his mind naturally turns to guns, knives, bombs and many other weapons so destructive of human life. To that part of an army which has been face to face with the enemy and has consequently suffered severe losses, he extends his sympathies and gives all honor. In doing this, he does right.

Due to the fact, the press, in rendering its reports during the period of a war, confines itself to the activities of combatant forces, it is not at all surprising that the public remains quite ignorant of what has been accomplished in the way of properly provisioning that portion of the army doing the actual fighting. Inasmuch as reports concerning the activities of non-combatant troops could not possibly rival in interest, during a period of hostilities, reports concerning combatant troops, the press can hardly be blamed for allowing the public to remain in blissful ignorance of a most important part of their army.

It is not within the province of the writer to go lengthily into the subject of the Service of Supply as it existed and functioned in the Ameri-

can Expeditionary Forces during the World War. This book will concern itself only with one of its most important units. The reader, to be properly impressed with the importance of a Service of Supply, should know, however, that to keep our combatant forces in ample provisions to carry on a successful offensive, in excess of three hundred thousand men were required in this particular service of the army, in France alone.

These troops were composed for the most part, of Engineer units and Stevedore units. Stevedore units were on duty at the various ports in France and England while the Engineer units were scattered throughout France, principally, engaged in railroad work of every kind, that the transportation of provisions to the troops at the front might be at all times maintained. While the 35th Engineers was engaged during the entire period of its existence, in the erection of new rolling stock equipment, there were several other units on duty at many French Railway repair shops, engaged in the repairing of both American and French rolling stock and locomotive equipment. The 19th Engineers erected over two thousand five hundred locomotives in France. Other units were engaged in double tracking certain lines of railroad turned over to the American Army for the transportation of supplies from the sea-port to the front. Many other units were engaged in the actual train service on these lines.

It is absolutely impossible for one to fully appreciate the tremendous amount of work accomplished by the Service of Supply. Neither can one quite appreciate what a complete and efficient organization was perfected, that the work required of it was carried out so successfully. The organization was so large and so widely scattered that no one connected with it, could have any idea of the multitude of obstructions met and overcome that the ultimate result might be what we now know it to have been.

Every man assigned to duty with a Service of Supply unit is entitled to the same honor accorded to a member of a combatant unit. He was assigned a duty and fulfilled it. What more can be asked? At the outbreak of the war, the uppermost thought in the minds of the boys who later came into the army, was to become a part of that portion of the army which would see actual fighting. He must get his German and nothing else could satisfy. Those men assigned to duty with the Service of Supply were not there from choice. They were there for the reason they were possessed of some special knowledge or experience that proclaimed them of greater value to the Service of Supply than they could possibly be to a fighting unit. The writer can recall many of the enlisted men of his regiment im-

ploring him to obtain for them a transfer to the infantry, that they might have fulfilled their greatest wish. This could not be done.

The result of the war and the very decisive part the American Army played in bringing it to a successful termination, cannot but bestow great credit upon the Service of Supply. Any organization, which made it possible to transport over two million men from the United States to France, together with their equipment, and for months thereafter to keep them provisioned at points approximately two hundred and fifty miles from the coasts of France, is entitled to everlasting credit from a nation always appreciative of efforts such as were put forth by that organization.



Photograph of officers on duty with the Regiment on February 23, 1919.

ORGANIZATION

THE organization of the 35th Regiment of Engineers of the United States Army resulted from an investigation made by the Staff of General Pershing immediately after his arrival in France. This investigation was made for the purpose of determining the approximate requirements of a Service of Supply to keep an army in the field supplied with every essential requirement for carrying on a successful offensive.

This investigation was carried out in the same thorough manner which characterized every act of the American Expeditionary Forces and developed the fact that it would be impossible to depend upon the French railways alone for the transportation facilities which would undoubtedly be required. It was further shown that French civilian labor would be difficult to obtain and in the event of its being used, would surely prove to be most unsatisfactory for our purposes.

The following cablegram was dispatched by General Pershing to the Secretary of War on September 1, 1917:

“Regarding cranes, hand tools and men for erection of cars, those should be sent from the United States. There is no labor in France available for the erection of those cars. The only labor is that of our own troops, which is needed for other purposes.”

Immediately following the receipt of this message from the Commander-in-Chief, more of the War Department machinery was set in operation, that a unit of the army might be at once organized for the pur-

pose of erecting the several types of railway cars to be transported in parts to the other side. Purchase orders for these car parts had already been and were being given out at that time to several of the leading car building corporations throughout the United States. Expedition, so far as the organization of this unit was concerned, was absolutely required for the reason that the need of the army in France was very urgent and furthermore, car parts would very soon be delivered in France and the erection of the cars must not be delayed after arrival of parts.

On September 5, 1917, the Chief of Engineers directed to the attention of the Secretary of War a memorandum which we quote:

September 5, 1917.

Memorandum for the Secretary of War:

The requisitions from General Pershing call for an initial stock of 1,000 standard gauge, 30-ton freight cars, and 2,120 60-centimeter gauge freight cars to be on hand February 1, 1918, to be followed by equal monthly shipments, for a term of six months, of 1,250 standard gauge freight cars and 202 60-centimeter gauge freight cars.

The cars are shipped knocked down and must be erected and moved from the port of debarkation promptly to prevent congestion. This will require a force of 2,000 men of railroad shop erecting trades. For efficiency and proper care and control, they should be enlisted and organized into one regiment, headquarters and three battalions of three companies of 225 men each. No authority has yet been given for those organizations.

The question is urgent and therefore I request authority to organize at once, in addition to the 10,000 special troops authorized August 28, 1917, one regimental headquarters and three battalions of three companies of 225 men each of railroad shop men, to be obtained in part by voluntary enlistment in part by the assignment of properly trained conscripted men.

Those organizations will be permanently useful and indeed necessary as a part of the service of the lines of communication of the American Expeditionary Force in France.

(Signed) W. M. BLACK,
Brig. Gen., Chief of Engineers.

September 5, 1917.

APPROVED: Baker.

(Misl.)

1st Ind.

War Department, A. G. O., September 6, 1917—To the Chief of Engineers, inviting attention to the approval of the Secretary of War indorsed hereon.

By order of the Secretary of War:

H. G. LEONARD,
Adjutant General.

Inasmuch as the Regiment thus authorized was to be used solely for the purpose of erecting railway cars, a real effort was made by the War Department to see that it was officered for the most part by men who were experienced in that particular line of work. Such officers had of necessity to be taken from civil life and with hardly an exception, were without any military training whatsoever. That the enlisted personnel of the Regiment might receive such military instruction as would enable them to make the proper impression as a military unit, and further, that proper discipline might be at all times maintained, a number of officers who had received military training, amounting to about twenty per cent of the whole number, were assigned to the Regiment. These officers had been graduated from the various officers training camps of the country. All officers reporting direct from civil life were required to act as would any other rookie be required to do, and thus become acquainted with his new vocation from the ground up.

While it is quite impossible for the writer to give in this volume a list of all of the orders effecting the assignment of all officers to the Regiment, he believes it would be of interest to the reader to know of the first order of the kind effecting this unit. On September 24, 1917, Special Order No. 222, Par. 8, was issued by the War Department and by its provisions the following named officers were ordered to duty with the 35th Regiment of Engineers at Camp Grant, Illinois:

Captain W. R. Pearson
Captain H. P. Wilson
1st Lieutenant P. E. Carter
1st Lieutenant A. J. Ainslee
1st Lieutenant K. J. Zinck
1st Lieutenant M. V. Holmes
1st Lieutenant W. S. Mussenden
1st Lieutenant R. E. Trippe
1st Lieutenant E. H. Meyer
2nd Lieutenant R. G. Stafford
2nd Lieutenant F. W. Ford, Jr.

1st Lieut. P. E. Carter was the first officer to report for duty at Camp Grant. He reported on September 26th. On the evening of the same day, there arrived fifty men who had been drawn by the selective draft from the Cambria Steel Company works at Johnstown, Pennsylvania. The following day saw eleven men report from the Haskell Barker Car Company works of Michigan City, Indiana. Lieutenants Ainslee, Mussenden, Ford

and Stafford reported for duty on September 27th and a temporary organization was immediately put into effect with Lieut. Carter acting in the capacity of Regimental Adjutant. Colonel E. D. Peek, Commanding Officer of the 21st Regiment of Engineers assumed temporary command of the 35th Regiment of Engineers until the arrival of our own Commanding Officer. Practically every day saw a goodly increase in the officer and enlisted personnel of the organization and on October 2nd the detachment was moved into separate quarters and commenced to operate as an independent organization.

Upon the arrival of Colonel A. E. Waldron, our Commanding Officer, on October 7th, real things started happening in our section of the Camp. Detachments of men who had been drawn by the selective draft from many different camps began descending upon us and companies began to look more like companies than platoons. As stated previously, our unit was to be made up of men who had railroad shop experience. The mere fact that our organization was to go overseas quickly seemed to be taken by a large number of men as sufficient reason for telling "a white one" during the making out of his qualification card. It mattered not, however, for irrespective of his previous vocation, he was made to fit in very nicely as a cog in a smoothly running machine which was developed on the other side later on.

While much preparatory work had been accomplished prior to November, it was not until early in that month that the different company organizations were built up. A top sergeant, supply sergeant and mess sergeant were warranted while all other non-commissioned officers held temporary rank. Not a moment was wasted as it was the determination of all that nothing should be allowed to hold us up when the word finally came to proceed to the port of embarkation. Much difficulty was experienced in getting certain supplies which were absolutely necessary before the command could pass inspection for overseas service.

During all this time each company was being drilled several hours each day. Raw recruits became well drilled soldiers almost in the twinkling of an eye and the showing every company made after the short time spent in camp was indeed remarkable and spoke volumes for both officers and men.

It had been expected that the Regiment would go overseas in one unit but for various reasons this was found to be impracticable. On December 9th the first detachment proceeded to the port of embarkation with Lieutenant-Colonel Vincett commanding. This detachment consisted of a detachment of Headquarters Company together with Companies D, E

and F. The second detachment left Camp Grant for overseas on January 20th, 1918, with Colonel Waldron commanding and consisted of a detachment of Headquarters Company and Companies A, B, H and I. The third and last detachment left Camp Grant on February 8, 1918, with Major Heron commanding and consisted of Companies C and G. The Medical Detachment attached to the Regiment had been split up into three small units: one of these units accompanying each of the Regimental Detachments.

Below is given the organization of the Regiment as it existed at the time it left the United States for overseas service:

Colonel Albert E. Waldron
Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Vincett
Captain Herman C. Huffer, Jr., *Adjutant*

REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS

Captain William E. Abbott, *Supply Officer*
Captain Herlof Amble Captain William C. Cole
Chaplain Edwin F. Lee

FIRST BATTALION

Major Joseph F. Surridge 1st Lieutenant Paul E. Carter, *Adjutant*

BATTALION HEADQUARTERS

Captain William C. Lindner Captain Robert Tinsley

COMPANY "A"

Captain Hill P. Wilson
1st Lieutenant J. M. Morris
1st Lieutenant F. J. Snow
1st Lieutenant B. J. Weisner
2nd Lieutenant J. C. Lamb
2nd Lieutenant N. C. Raabe

COMPANY "B"

Captain J. B. Moore
1st Lieutenant R. M. Smith
1st Lieutenant Wilbur Oglesby
2nd Lieutenant A. C. Warfel
2nd Lieutenant R. M. Totten

COMPANY "C"

Captain W. R. Pearson
1st Lieutenant O. S. Dickson, Jr. 1st Lieutenant J. E. Brown
1st Lieutenant D. L. Clement 2nd Lieutenant B. J. Helsel

SECOND BATTALION

Major John S. Douglas
1st Lieutenant F. Wm. Hausmann, *Adjutant*

BATTALION HEADQUARTERS

Captain James T. Blackstock

COMPANY "D"

Captain E. B. Hocker
 1st Lieutenant F. C. McFarland
 1st Lieutenant J. S. Wetherill
 1st Lieutenant H. L. Dyke
 2nd Lieutenant F. W. Ford, Jr.
 2nd Lieutenant R. J. Byron

COMPANY "E"

Captain F. N. Hatch
 1st Lieutenant R. E. Trippe
 1st Lieutenant Walter Budwell
 1st Lieutenant J. L. Blair
 2nd Lieutenant R. G. Stafford
 2nd Lieutenant Harry Darlington

COMPANY "F"

Captain Chas. H. Fueller
 1st Lieutenant M. V. Holmes
 1st Lieutenant W. S. Mack
 1st Lieutenant David Haldeman
 2nd Lieutenant E. B. Wilkinson
 2nd Lieutenant J. W. Ryan

THIRD BATTALION

Major Thomas A. Dooley 1st Lieutenant Karl J. Zinck, *Adjutant*

BATTALION HEADQUARTERS

Captain Charles F. King

Captain William L. Tedford

COMPANY "G"

Captain Wm. G. Vincett
 1st Lieutenant L. T. Ralston
 1st Lieutenant A. F. Ainslie
 1st Lieutenant W. J. O'Brien
 2nd Lieutenant W. E. Doll
 2nd Lieutenant R. P. Bishop
 2nd Lieutenant L. J. Stein

COMPANY "H"

Captain Wilkie Woodard
 1st Lieutenant H. M. Fetterolf
 1st Lieutenant W. F. Philbrick
 1st Lieutenant H. B. Gaither
 2nd Lieutenant R. J. Offutt

COMPANY "I"

Captain R. L. Rockwell
 1st Lieutenant J. F. Weiss
 1st Lieutenant W. S. Mussenden
 1st Lieutenant A. W. Holbrook
 2nd Lieutenant C. C. Manchester
 2nd Lieutenant R. C. Montgomery

SANITARY DETACHMENT

Major Henry L. Akin, M.R.C.
 1st Lieutenant W. H. Hill, M.R.C.
 1st Lieutenant J. D. Miller, M.R.C.
 1st Lieutenant F. W. Loring, M.R.C.
 1st Lieutenant Minor McDaniels, M.R.C.
 1st Lieutenant G. J. Krakow, D.R.C.
 1st Lieutenant G. C. Wittet, D.R.C.



Picture of Camp Pullman, looking directly towards Post No. 1. Small buildings in foreground are Administration Building, Infirmary, barracks for officers and some enlisted men. Car assembling plant on other side of Station Building.

THE REGIMENT IN FRANCE

EN ROUTE from Camp Grant, Illinois, to LaRoche, France, none of the three detachments of the regiment were held up at any point for more than a few days. The first detachment made the best time of the three. This detachment was not required to go to Camp Merritt as were the last two detachments, but boarded a transport immediately on arrival at Hoboken from Camp Grant. The other two detachments were forced to spend approximately one week at Camp Merritt awaiting transport accommodations and withstanding the rigid inspections required of all troops bound for the other side.

The first detachment, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Vincett, arrived in LaRoche at 2:30 o'clock on the morning of January 3, 1918, after a very long and weary train ride from Saint Nazaire, their port of debarkation. Besides being train-weary and hungry, they were half frozen and, while the sight of their new home was not entirely provocative of uncontrolled enthusiasm, they were nevertheless glad of the journey's end. To anyone accustomed to the comforts enjoyed on trains in the United States, a long ride on a troop train in France, proved to be nothing but a source of genuine complaint. The cars allotted to our troops were most uncomfortable and, due to the quite necessary conservation of coal, the cars were never heated.

The site selected as most suitable for the erection of cars, was an area surrounding a partially constructed railway station on which work had

ceased at the beginning of the war in 1914. This site was within the limits of the city of LaRochelle. The boundaries of this site were of such a nature as to make it anything but ideally suited to our purposes. The area was not considered large enough to permit of our activities as they had been planned, and there was not the slightest opportunity for any expansion of the building yard, should this be considered necessary at a later time. In spite of these facts, however, our unit had been shown an objective and it lost no time in making a real effort to gain it.

At the time of the arrival of the first detachment, the construction yard was partially completed. This work had been accomplished by a small detachment of the 17th Engineers located nearby. A portion of our men were also assigned to this work and other work about the station building that it might be used for quartering the men of the unit. All men, not needed in this work, were assigned to unloading car parts and machinery from boats at La Pallice, a port of entry, situated about four miles from LaRochelle. Most of the material used by the regiment during the period of the war came through the port of La Pallice.

This immense unfinished station building found on our site had been constructed to such a point that it could be used as quarters for the men as soon as temporary stairways could be built and fireplaces installed. Window openings were closed by means of cloth; wooden bunks were erected and very soon after the arrival of the first detachment, that portion of the building suitable for sleeping quarters was made quite comfortable.

A word about this railway station will not be amiss at this point. Here was a building planned and partially constructed to care for a city



View of upper end of one of the assembling tracks, showing in foreground assemblage of car trucks; in background huge piles of material to be used for that purpose.

of about forty thousand people. When completed, it will be ample to provide for the transportation needs of ten times that number of people. Seldom has the writer seen such a waste of money. The evident reason for it is that the railroad is owned and operated by the Government of France, and the representative of the people of La Rochelle and its environs was able to bring sufficient power to bear on those responsible, to have such an edifice erected in his bailiwick, that he might forever after look forward to elections without a bit of worry. A thing of beauty, without doubt, but at what a needless waste of the public's money.

On January 18, all of this first detachment with the exception of one and one-half companies was sent in smaller detachments to several different French railway repair shops where repairs to railway cars was urgently required. The balance of this detachment continued on the various duties required to get the yard and buildings in shape to begin the erection of cars. They did their best against great odds until the arrival of the second detachment, commanded by Colonel Waldron, on February 21st.

It would, indeed, be difficult to give the reader any real idea of the many obstacles surmounted during those first few weeks. There was a huge amount of preparatory work to be done and such a short time in which to do it. Coupled with this was the absolute lack of facilities with which to do the work at hand. Wherever you looked you would find something of importance that must be done, and at once, while at first glance you were never able to find that with which to do it. Never once, however, when *thought* was applied to the problem, did we fail to find the proper solution. For several weeks, all loading and unloading of car parts and machinery was done by hand or with the aid of a rudely set up gin-pole. On February 13th, a ten-ton locomotive crane was placed in operation and this part of our labor was expedited considerably.

The situation in the latter part of February was becoming very serious. Car parts were arriving in a considerable volume and the piles of them throughout the building yard were taking on the appearance of young mountains. Still, we were without the means with which to begin erecting the cars. Our power house existed only on paper. Purely by accident, however, there came into our yard twelve portable air compressors consigned to a rock-crushing outfit near the front. The sight of these compressors was all that was needed. They were set up at once in parallel to temporary air lines. We were then ready to start the car building offensive which afterwards gained for us a most enviable reputation. After having placed these compressors in use, we took the matter up with the proper



Interior of Power House at Camp Pullman. All units were transported from the United States, were set up and in operation within fourmonths after the arrival of Regiment overseas.

authorities, and were allowed to retain them until our power plant might be in operation.

On March 4th, the first car was erected at Camp Pullman. This was a flat car, one of the first lot to arrive at the plant. On March 8th, the third and final detachment of the regiment, commanded by Major Heron, arrived and provided the added labor necessary to make real progress in our work. Plant construction accomplished up to that time consisted simply of the laying of tracks and temporary air lines and the setting up of the portable air compressors. The construction of necessary shops and living quarters had yet to be done. All of this work had to be done in addition to the erection of cars fast enough to keep pace with the receipt of car parts. Car parts were then coming in steadily and our storage facilities were very limited.

During the first six months of our stay at Camp Pullman there were constructed eighty-eight separate buildings made necessary by the activities of our various departments. These buildings varied greatly in size and general construction. The smallest was a pump house in which one hundred and fifty board feet of lumber was used. The largest, a paint shed, in which one hundred and eighty-seven thousand board feet of lumber was used. The total amount of lumber used in the construction of these buildings was one million, two hundred and eleven thousand board feet. Ninety-five per cent of this lumber was salvaged from the crates and packing cases in which car parts were received. Principal among these buildings were the Administration Buildings, three barracks for officers' quarters, barracks for the accommodation of two thousand five hundred enlisted men, two large bath houses, power house, machine and black-

smith shop, planing mill, kitchen for the enlisted men's mess and over three thousand lineal feet of erection shed covering two and three tracks.

The construction of buildings, by no means constituted all of the construction work necessary to put the plant in working order. It was necessary to completely grade the yard. This required, besides the actual grading, the transportation of thousands of cubic yards of cinders for a distance of over forty miles. Several septic tanks were also constructed. That our water supply might at all times be ample for our needs, we were obliged to drill a well and erect a water tank of sixty thousand gallons capacity. Pipe lines laid during this time were as follows: eight thousand feet of water and steam line, five thousand feet of air line and two thousand feet of gasoline line. Furthermore, the entire yard had been wired during this period so that upon the completion of the power house, night work would be possible when it was needed.

There were a number of different types of cars sent to us for erection. There were three types of box cars, all of the same outside measurements, but of different construction so far as the doors, principally, were concerned. Besides the box cars, there were constructed flat cars, tank cars, refrigerator cars, low side gondolas, high side gondolas and ballast cars. As to the size, capacity and general appearance of these cars, they were identical with those in use in the United States. The same draft gear was used on them as is used in Europe, that they might be used in conjunction with French railway equipment. The cars were shipped to us in parts for assembling in lots of one hundred. With each lot there was also shipped an extra ten per cent of parts to take care of any loss in transit and for any repairs made necessary after the car had been placed in service. Due to the activities of the German submarines and losses of parts in other ways, our planing mill and machine and blacksmith shop were kept busy making replacements. These cars were in great contrast with the ordinary freight car used in Europe for the reason that the European car is of only ten tons capacity while the cars we erected were of thirty tons capacity.

With each day's progress in plant construction we were able to in-



Tank car constructed at Camp Pullman. Fifteen hundred of this type constructed. These cars are identical with similar type cars used in United States with exception of draft gear.

crease each day's output of cars. While it must have been known at the headquarters of the Service of Supply that we were making every possible effort to get to the point where we would meet the demand for cars, this knowledge on their part did not seem to stem the tide of telegrams and other communications urging us on to even greater efforts. In the month of March, when the first car was erected, two hundred and twenty-four cars were erected and placed in service. In April, the output of the plant was six hundred and twelve: in May it jumped to one thousand one hundred and seventy-seven, and in June, another jump was made to one thousand two hundred and thirty. The erection of this number of cars during this particular period was very remarkable when one takes into consideration it was very difficult to get the proper air pressure with our portable air compressors, and, further that much of our labor had of necessity to be used in work other than that of the actual car erection.

This car assembling plant, as shown on plans prepared in the United States, was a model so far as its layout was concerned. Its location was to be such that expansion might be unhampered. According to the plans,



One of several types of box cars constructed at Camp Pullman. French trains have no caboose cars. Hence partially enclosed cupola at end of car in which trainman rides.

there would be nothing lacking that would tend toward efficiency in the greatest degree. The plant, as shown on the plans, would if properly handled, give a maximum daily output of sixty cars. It has been stated before in this chapter that these plans were of little use to us owing to the final selection of a site for the erection of the plant. In

spite of this fact, the management of the work in which we were engaged was of such a high character that during the month of August our average daily output of cars was seventy-five.

It was during this time that our troops at the front were maintaining an offensive. This caused a continual call to come to us for *more cars, more cars, more cars*. The men working on our three building tracks vied with each other in making new track records of cars assembled. This splendid spirit among the men resulted in really wonderful work. For a period during the month of September, each day's record of cars erected surpassed the record of the day preceding. On the day one hundred cars were erected, all thought a lasting record had been made, but it

was not to be so. The number continued to creep up until it had reached one hundred and twenty-five. On September 27th, the men put forth a final effort towards a record that might stand for all time. The number of cars erected on that day was one hundred and fifty. This day's work called forth well earned praise from every quarter.

To one who had not been at the scene of these activities or who had never viewed similar operations, it would be very difficult to visualize that, which was a revelation to a visitor at Camp Pullman during this particular period. There was more activity to the square inch in the erection yard than one would have thought possible. Here we were, in a plant smaller than the one planned, the plans calling for a maximum output of sixty cars per day; and on a given day, we actually erected and placed in service two and one-half that number. Our average for the month of September being one and one-half times that number.

There must have been and there were reasons for this remarkable showing. First of all, the spirit of our men was of the right kind. They never needed to be driven to do that which they knew to be their duty. Secondly, our system for accomplishment was right. We were efficiently organized and our efforts were properly directed. All else that was needed were car parts, machinery and tools. When production fell off, the reason was always lack of tools or car parts.

There were three car assembling tracks in the plant. These tracks were approximately one thousand eight hundred feet in length. Between these assembling tracks were other tracks for use in unloading car parts and the proper distribution of those parts. There was also a sufficient storage space between the assembling tracks to keep the plant running at capacity for three or four days. The reader will readily perceive from this statement that car parts were not long in France before they were performing a real service on wheels.

The manner of assembling the cars was much the same as that employed by the Ford Motor Company and other manufacturing companies. The trucks were assembled at the upper end of the track, run down the track a short distance, where an assembled underframe was placed upon the trucks. From this point the partially assembled car was kept moving toward the lower extremity of the yard, some part of the car being riveted or nailed in place at almost every foot of its journey. At the lower end of the assembling track, the otherwise finished car would be painted and stenciled and stored over night for the proper drying of the paint, when it would be placed in service. Every man on duty in the plant had his own



View from Station Tower looking across Erection Yard. There may be seen Erection Sheds, piles of car underframes and other car parts, also two tracks filled with completed and partially completed box cars.

specific duty to perform and a specific place in which to perform it.

The signing of an armistice and the consequent cessation of hostilities meant a great deal to us, but unfortunately did not have the least effect on our activities. While the doughboy could take things a bit easy and plan on an early start for home, we continued to take care, in the usual manner, of the car parts which continued to arrive in unabating volume. Throughout November and December, 1918 and January, 1919, we kept up the dizzy pace we had set for ourselves months before. With the coming of February, 1919, car production fell off to a very great degree, and the end of the month of March, 1919, saw our regiment cease its car assembling activities.

During the whole time spent by the regiment in France, it was a part of the Transportation Corps, a newly formed Corps of the Army, and commanded in the A. E. F. by Brig.-General W. W. Atterbury. In the month of December, 1918, the designation of the unit was changed from the 35th Regiment of Engineers to the 21st Grand Division, Transportation Corps. The different companies of the regiment were designated by means of numerals.

On March 8th, 1919, seven companies left Camp Pullman for the Embarkation Camp in Base No. 2 at Bordeaux. They were followed on March 9th by two more companies. The balance of the regiment left for the United States during the months of April and May, the last being Company 131, which left Camp Pullman on May 12th, 1919.

While there is no thought in the writer's mind that the 35th Regiment of Engineers played a more important part in serving our country than

did any other unit engaged in engineering work, nor, that we were more than one cog in a gigantic machine, every part of which had to function properly, he cannot but feel and express himself as believing that this regiment was fortunately engaged in a duty surpassing in importance those duties to which most other specially formed units were assigned. Unbounded interest in our unit and its remarkable achievements was manifest throughout the army. That the eyes of the Commander-in-Chief were many times focussed upon us in spite of the numberless other matters demanding his attention was borne out by the numerous messages received from him and from Major General Harboard, Commanding the Service of Supply, a few of which are here quoted.

TELEGRAM

August 10, 1918.

Colonel A. E. Waldron,
Base Section No. 7.

Understand total eighty-five cars yesterday. I congratulate you and your regiment on good work.

HARBOARD,
Commanding S. O. S.

*Telegram from Major-General Harboard, Commanding S. O. S.
to Colonel Waldron*

August 12, 1918.

Your car report received (report from previous week). You are certainly doing splendid work. I congratulate you.

*Telegram from General Pershing to Major-General Harboard to
Colonel Waldron*

August 13, 1918.

Following telegram addressed to the Commanding General, S. O. S. is repeated for your information: "Congratulations on the good work done last week at La Rochelle. The Commander-in-Chief desires you to express to Colonel Waldron and the splendid men under him his deep appreciation of the results obtained and then assure them that he knows he can rely upon them to continue or even to exceed the record of last week and to do their full part toward winning the war."

McANDREWS,
Chief of Staff.

Letter from Major-General Harboard to Colonel Waldron

August 21, 1918.

Dear Colonel Waldron:

The fine work in erecting cars that is being done by you and your regiment is enough to keep one busy writing you congratulatory letters. You are certainly doing excellent work and rising to the occasion to the satisfaction of all of us. I wired the results of your work several times to the C. in C. and know that he appreciates what you are doing. The car situation is the point in our whole organization now at which work gives best results and counts most towards the efficiency of the A. E. F. I enclose a reply received from the Chief of Staff to one telegram I sent about the work you are doing.

With best wishes and my renewed congratulations,

Very sincerely yours,

(Sgd.) J. G. HARBOARD.

Letter from Major-General Harboard to Colonel Vincett

December 27, 1918.

Dear Colonel Vincett:

I was very sorry to have missed you on our recent visit to the Car Erecting Plant. We put in a very good hour there, however, and the British Generals whom I was towing around were more interested in that than anything else they saw in the whole S. O. S. They ranked the things of most interest as being (1st) the Car Erecting Plant, (2nd) the Locomotive Erecting Plant of the 19th Engineers at St. Nazaire, and (3rd) the Pier at Montoir.

I wish you a Happy New Year.

Sincerely yours,

(Sgd.) J. G. HARBOARD.

AMONG those communications received by us from the high officers of the army and other noted people, one received from the Premier of France, M. Clemenceau, was among those most highly prized. We take pleasure in quoting it, that the reader may be made to realize to what extent the regiment became known through the performance of its duty.

REPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE
LE PRESIDENT DU CONSEIL & MINISTRE DE LA GUERRE

Paris, le 22 Janvier, 1919.

a Monsieur le Colonel Commandant
le 35 Regiment d' "Engineers"

Je tiens a rendre hommage aux services eminents qu'a rendus a la cause des Allies le 35 Regiment Americain d' "Engineers" et a signaler le role important qu'il a joue.

Un travail d'une intensite remarquable l'a associe aux luttes victorieuses car nul n'ignore l'influence preponderante qu'a omorce le transport par rail pour la marche et le ravitaillement des armees.

Ce regiment a fait litteralement sortir de terre de vastes ateliers qui ont permis de mettre en circulation pres de 100 voitures de toutes sortes et de tous types ont pu grace a lui porter aux soldats qui se battaient munitions et ravitaillement.

Par le concours considerable qu'il a apporte au rendement de nos voies ferrees, le 35 regiment d' "Engineers" peut a' honorer d'avoir collabore pour une large part a la victoire finale et a ce titre il a droit a la reconnaissance de la France.

Je vous serais oblige de vouloir bien lui transmettre mes remerciements les plus chaleureux.

(Sgd.) CLEMENCEAU.

[*Translation of letter*]

FRENCH REPUBLIC
THE CHAIRMAN OF THE FRENCH MINISTRY WAR OFFICE

January 22, 1919.

To the Colonel Commanding, 35th Engineers:

I desire to pay homage to the eminent services that the 35th Engineers have rendered to the Allied cause, and to point out the important role played by them.

A work of remarkable intensity has linked them to the victorious battles, for none can ignore the preponderant influence that railroad transportation has exercised upon the advancement and provisioning of the armies.

This regiment has literally caused to rise out of the earth large shops, which have caused to be placed in circulation nearly one hundred cars a day, so that more than twenty thousand cars of all kinds and types have been able—thanks to them—to carry munitions and supplies to the soldiers who are fighting.

By the considerable help which it brought to increase our railroad transportation facilities, the 35th Engineers may well feel honored at having contributed on so large a scale to the final victory, and as such they are entitled to the gratitude of France.

I would appreciate having my most heartfelt thanks transmitted to the Regiment.

(Sgd.) CLEMENCEAU.



Colonel Vincett accepting for the Regiment, a flag from the Mayor of La Rochelle, presented in commemoration of our long residence in that city and the pleasant relations at all times existing between our troops and French civilians.



View of Camp Pullman taken from French Dirigible. Large Station at left centre. Erection sheds and balance of building yard at right center. Bridge in foreground connects city of La Rochelle and village of Aytre.

CAMP PULLMAN

IN the previous chapters, the reader has been given some idea of the camp so far as its location and general layout was concerned. He has also been told of the greater activities of the regiment and its personnel. In this chapter, we will attempt to treat of the usual life of the unit, those things done for the benefit of the men who were extending every possible effort toward a successful termination of the war, and, the many little things so very interesting but, still, classed as among those things of lesser value.

While the regiment had been trained as a military unit before leaving for overseas service, the work in which we were engaged at Camp Pullman, France, was of such a character and was carried on in such a way that it was quite impossible for us to devote any time to military tactics from the time of our arrival at that point until very shortly before the regiment was disbanded. This statement is made with regard to the regiment as a whole. The usual company and regimental formations were practically unknown in Camp Pullman for a period of approximately a year. Car assembling was the one activity and every effort was devoted to that one thing. An ample guard detail was organized for the protection of the camp and the maintenance of proper discipline.

Notwithstanding that it was impossible to assemble the men as is usually done in military units and further that our regiment was one of the

largest, in point of numbers, in the army, we experienced very little trouble in maintaining discipline. The enlisted men of the unit seemed to sense the extreme value of the work they were performing and, never during the whole period of our activities in France did it become necessary to take any extreme measures toward the maintenance of proper discipline. By this statement we do not mean to convey the impression that the conduct of all of the men was at all times above reproach. A guardhouse was maintained and at times was well filled. It was managed in such a way that one incarcerated would not care to return. The offences for which men were tried by courts-martial were in all cases of minor consequence.

On certain occasions the regiment, or portions of it, was required to appear at ceremonies conducted by the French Government and at which French troops would also be in attendance. The regiment was reviewed a number of times by high officers of both the French and our own armies. Despite the fact that they had not been drilled for months previous to these occasions, their appearance was always such as to elicit most favorable comment. Our men were highly intelligent and this made a good showing possible, no matter what the occasion.

Upon the arrival of the unit at Camp Pullman, it was possible to accommodate the number of men then with the unit, in the large station building. They were somewhat crowded, however, especially as most of the rooms in the building where men were quartered could not be properly ventilated. There was also an abnormal rainfall—all work was done in the open air—there was no means of taking care of the wet clothing of the men. There were no bathing facilities except in the public bath houses of the city. It may be seen from this that we were not very well equipped from the standpoint of proper housing. More buildings had to be constructed for this purpose and those constructed in such a manner that every man was assured of a comfortable place to sleep and spend his leisure time. Buildings of this type were constructed not only for the men originally in the unit but for the two thousand or more that joined us during the few months following our arrival there.

Two large bath houses were built, each equipped with thirty shower baths and facilities for washing of clothing. Heating apparatus was installed allowing the use of hot water in the bath houses at certain hours most convenient for bathing purposes. The Young Men's Christian Association erected a hut just outside the camp for the use of the men for recreation purposes. In addition to this, the large mess hall was always at their disposal except when meals were being served.

While that portion of the camp given over to the erection of cars was undoubtedly of the greatest interest to the visitor, the department of the mess ran a close second. This, of course, only after the mess had been thoroughly organized. Shortly after our arrival in France it became evident that the better way in which to feed the men was by means of a consolidated mess and the discontinuance of the separate company mess. This was done immediately. Within a short time the kitchen equipment on hand was entirely worn out—our requisitions for new were not allowed—and, whatever cooking was done was in large garbage cans placed over fires in the open air. The subsistence issued by the Quartermaster Department was sufficient in volume but very deficient in variety. The result was by no means to the liking of those who were forced to eat the food. Complaints were continual and quite justified. No one cares for beans three times in one day and for salmon three times the next, and soon. The cooks did their best at camouflaging, but it availed nothing. You can easily develop a kindly appreciation for the feelings of the men, when after hours of the hardest kind of labor, they were called, seemingly for the ten-thousandth time, to partake of the famous Boston dish or the only known product of the Columbia.



View of Mess Hall during noon-day meal. Note band on stage. Also booth for moving picture machine on balcony in rear. At entertainments nearly three thousand could be accommodated

After about four months of this sameness of menu, a change was made in the executive department of the mess. This change resulted in a considerable betterment. In fact, within a very short time the regiment had a reputation for having the best mess within a large radius. A kitchen was constructed along one entire side of the mess hall, making it possible

to serve at ten different stations at the same time. By this means we were able to serve the entire regiment in twenty-five minutes. A large number of cooking ranges and cauldrons were purchased and installed. Other necessary facilities installed were a complete baking shop, ovens and fireplaces of various kinds, warming ovens, vegetable cleaning apparatus and apparatus for the cleaning of all cooking utensils by steam. In addition to the subsistence regularly allowed by the Government, extras such as fresh vegetables, eggs, poultry, etc., were purchased with money raised for the purpose by several means. A large number of pigs were purchased and fattened on the garbage of the mess. When sold, it was found that the profit from the raising of the pigs was tremendous, due to the very high price of pork in France at that time.

When the mess had become thoroughly organized and each department of it was in the hands of an experienced and capable man, the men of the unit were being fed many different edibles that could easily be classed as luxuries when a comparison is made with the usual army mess. To serve nearly four thousand men a breakfast of cereal, bread and jam, bacon and eggs, and coffee, is a real task not only from the standpoint of preparation but also from the standpoint of securing such food products. This meal was not a bit out of the ordinary after the organization had been made complete.

To one unaccustomed to the feeding of a large number of men, a few facts pertaining to the amount of any one food product required per meal, when served in our regiment, will prove interesting. They are as follows: Thirty-seven to forty bushels of potatoes; two thousand pounds of beef; one thousand five hundred cans of salmon; one thousand two hundred pounds of beans; eighty pounds of coffee; three hundred and fifty large loaves of bread; seven thousand five hundred eggs; four hundred and fifty pounds of bacon; ten thousand wheat cakes; eight to nine thousand cinnamon rolls or light biscuits or crullers. Other foods in like proportions.

In the way of entertainment and other forms of recreation, everything possible was done for the benefit of the enlisted men. There was a real need for proper entertainment in our unit for the reason that our work was so very tedious and monotonous, the men had to have the right kind of relaxation or the morale of the regiment would go to pieces. This need was recognized early. The Young Men's Christian Association was on the job from the very first and furnished the only entertainment we had for a considerable length of time. This consisted of moving pictures once or twice each week and a concert company about twice a month. These concert

companies were mostly made up of French people during the early period and, while they tried to please, it was very difficult for them to do so, as they could not be understood. Later we had companies made up of our own people from the States and these were always greatly appreciated.

The organization of the regimental band was a real help in the way of entertainment and they were almost daily giving concerts in the mess hall in which a stage had been erected for the use of entertainers. Late in the fall of 1918 the Knights of Columbus rented an inn where they installed shower baths for the use of the men in the Base. They also gave many entertainments there consisting principally of boxing matches and other forms of athletics. During the winter of 1918 and 1919 the men were furnished with an entertainment of some kind in the camp every night.



Inspection of the Unit on Thanksgiving Day, 1918, by the commanding officer, Colonel Vincett
The lack of room at Camp Pullman for holding military formations may be noted by the reader from this picture.

Probably the form of entertainment finding the most favor among the men were the weekly dances in the large mess hall which were started on the New Years, Eve following the Armistice. They were really a great sight. The French people had not danced since the war began over four years before and to see their faces as they were once more allowed this diversion was a sight to behold. The floor was large enough to accommodate several hundred couples and every enlisted man was allowed to bring one young lady. Needless to say, each young lady brought the rest of the family, even back to the great-grandmother. The elders did not come simply to look on, but shook the same mean foot as the younger element whenever they could hear a strain of music.

Among the conveniences enjoyed by our unit in Camp Pullman were two not enjoyed by the usual military unit in time of war. First of these was a four-chair barber shop fitted up a bit roughly, perhaps, but in which you could obtain anything in the tonsorial line that can be obtained in any barber shop in the world. The attendants were men who were barbers in civil life. One hour each day was reserved for officers, while the balance of the day was given over to the enlisted men. Charges were very small, but enabled the shop to show a small profit each month. The second was a tailor shop fitted with electric sewing machines and every other facility for doing that class of work.

While Camp Pullman was not and could not be laid out correctly on account of the site on which it was located, the area was utilized in such a way that a minimum of effort was needed to obtain any given result. There was no alternative from using the site selected and inasmuch as the results achieved by the regiment were so highly satisfactory, there is no further need for comment on the subject of the camp.

Military Organization of 21st Grand Division Transportation, March 1, 1919

HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT

Colonel G. H. Vincett
Major Charles H. Fueller
Captain William E. Abbott
Captain James T. Blackstock
Captain Charles F. King
Captain Herman C. Huffer, Jr.
1st Lieut. Roy P. Bishop
Chaplain Pat Murphy

Major Thomas A. Dooley, Jr.
Major Robert Tinsley
Captain William G. Vincett
Captain Don L. Clement
Captain Herlof Amble
1st Lieut. F. William Hausmann
2nd Lieut. Raymond O. Schafer
Chaplain Urban Lager

COMPANY 20

Captain Alfred C. Morgan
1st Lieut. Carl C. Manchester
2nd Lieut. Wilberforce Eckels

COMPANY 98

Captain David Haldeman
1st Lieut. William J. O'Brien
2nd Lieut. Harry L. Geiselhart

COMPANY 92

Captain James L. Blair
1st Lieut. John M. Sharp
1st Lieut. Norman C. Raabe
1st Lieut. Horace M. Fetterolf

COMPANY 99

Captain William F. Philbrick
1st Lieut. Ephriam B. Wilkinson
1st Lieut. James W. Ryan
1st Lieut. Reginald J. Offutt

COMPANY 93

Captain Benjamin J. Weismer
1st Lieut. Charles G. Brown
2nd Lieut. Paul F. Mott
2nd Lieut. Snowden Henry

COMPANY 100

Captain James M. Morris
2nd Lieut. George P. Hoffman
2nd Lieut. Hartwell M. Elder

COMPANY 94

Captain Paul E. Carter
2nd Lieut. Nelson W. Woodall
2nd Lieut. John E. Royer

COMPANY 102

Captain John F. Weiss
1st Lieut. Benjamin J. Helsel
2nd Lieut. David E. Wilson

COMPANY 95

Captain Orville S. Dickson, Jr.
1st Lieut. Robert M. Totten
2nd Lieut. Adam C. Warfel

COMPANY 129

Captain John E. Brown
1st Lieut. William E. Doll
1st Lieut. Clyde C. Smith
2nd Lieut. Cornelius C. Felton

COMPANY 96

Captain Frederick N. Hatch
1st Lieut. Walter Budwell
1st Lieut. Albert W. Holbrook

COMPANY 131

Captain Sydney G. Jones
1st Lieut. Frederick W. Ford, Jr.
2nd Lieut. George W. Nigh
2nd Lieut. Robert U. Rich



Company "C" of this Regiment, Captain Brown commanding, passing the reviewing stand in Place de Armes, La Rochelle, on the occasion of one of the French Government ceremonies.

GENERAL NOTES

- SEPTEMBER 5, 1917 Organization of the 35th Regiment of Engineers approved by the Secretary of War.
- SEPTEMBER 24, 1917 First order issued by the War Department, effecting the officer personnel of the regiment.
- SEPTEMBER 26, 1917 Lieutenant P. E. Carter was first officer reporting for duty with the unit at Camp Grant, Illinois.
- SEPTEMBER 27, 1917 Temporary organization of the regiment with Lieutenant Carter acting as Regimental Adjutant.
- OCTOBER 2, 1917 Organization moved into other quarters and began to operate as an independent unit.
- OCTOBER 7, 1917 Colonel A. E. Waldron arrived and assumed command.
- DECEMBER 9, 1917 Second Battalion of the regiment left Camp Grant for overseas service.
- JANUARY 3, 1918 Second Battalion arrived La Rochelle, France, permanent location of the regiment while overseas.
- JANUARY 8, 1918 Eight officers and four hundred men were sent to French railway repair shops at Bordeaux, Tours, Rennes and Villeneuve St. Georges.
- JANUARY 20, 1918 Second detachment of the regiment comprising Companies A, B, H and I left Camp Grant for overseas service.
- FEBRUARY 8, 1918 Third detachment of the regiment comprising Companies C and G left Camp Grant for overseas service.

FEBRUARY 21, 1918	Second detachment of the regiment arrived at La Rochelle.
MARCH 4, 1918	First car was assembled at Car Erection Yard.
MARCH 8, 1918	Third detachment of the regiment arrived at La Rochelle.
MAY 18, 1918	Outlying detachments at Bordeaux, Tours, Rennes and Villeneuve St. Georges returned to La Rochelle.
JULY 24, 1918	Epidemic of Spanish Influenza struck the camp and between that date and August 17 sixty-seven per cent of the regiment (3,347 men) were stricken, with but five fatalities. For over two weeks there was an average of four hundred and forty-five men on daily sick report.
AUGUST 11, 1918	Company L, one officer and two hundred and forty-three men reported for duty from Bordeaux.
AUGUST 12, 1918	Work was started on new storage and paint yard. Sixteen thousand feet of track laid and yard ready for use at end of month.
SEPTEMBER 7, 1918	Regiment was transferred from Engineer Corps to Transportation Corps.
SEPTEMBER 15, 1918	Car plant under construction for the use of the Baltimore Car & Foundry Company was taken over by this regiment. (Plans for the enlargement of the plant, that it would have a capacity of one hundred and fifty cars per day were immediately commenced. Work was continued on plant construction until shortly after the Armistice when we were ordered to cease construction. At that time, housing accommodations had been completed for one thousand men; two-thirds of required trackage had been laid; all air and water lines were ready for use and the power house was well on its way to completion).
NOVEMBER 12, 1918	The designation of this unit became the 21st Grand Division, Transportation Corps.
NOVEMBER 28, 1918	Colonel Waldron was relieved of his duties with this organization. Lieutenant Colonel Vincett became the commanding officer.
JANUARY 22, 1919	Regiment was cited by Premier Clemenceau of France for the work it had accomplished.
MARCH 8, 1919	Companies 92, 93, 94, 98, 129 and 20 entrained for Embarkation Camp in Base Section No. 2.
MARCH 9, 1919	Companies 95 and 96 entrained for same embarkation camp.
MARCH 29, 1919	All work on the assembling of cars was discontinued.
MARCH 31, 1919	Joint inventory taken with French representative signed and plant turned over to les Chemins de fer de l'Etat.

Car Production at Camp Pullman

<i>Month and Year</i>	<i>Number of Cars Assembled and Shipped</i>	<i>Average Number per Working Day</i>
March, 1918.....	224	13.2
April, 1918.....	612	25.6
May, 1918.....	1,177	44.2
June, 1918.....	1,230	47.2
July, 1918.....	1,066	40.2
August, 1918.....	2,180	75.2
September, 1918.....	2,370	94.8
October, 1918.....	2,310	85.6
November, 1918.....	2,152	87.8
December, 1918.....	2,080	79.2
January, 1919.....	1,382	53.1
February, 1919.....	118	
March, 1919.....	325	

GRAND TOTAL . . . 17,106 cars assembled and shipped

CAR RECORDS

Output for 1 day—150 cars on September 27, 1918

Output for 1 week—700 cars week ending September 29, 1918

Output for 1 month—2,370 cars month of September, 1918

MAXIMUM OUTPUT FOR ONE DAY ON ONE TRACK

39 Flat Cars	50 Box Cars (with cabs)
56 Low-Side Gondolas	32 Refrigerator Cars
40 High-Side Gondolas	16 Tank Cars
43 Box Cars	17 Rodgers Ballast Cars

“The Gang and the Game”

The shades of night had fallen fast
When in my easy chair I passed
Into the land of Nod and Blink
And there I saw our gang, I think
Playing Poker.

Fueller had made a table round.
Its equal has not yet been found;
And there we fought night after night
Our toughest battles in the fight
Playing Poker.

Amble had dealt without a cut:
The bird who “opened” was a mutt.
He needed “fours” at least to win
For Henry had him “hide and skin”
Playing Poker.

Nobody stuck, the cards passed on
And now the “buck” was up to Don.
He had a streak of luck so wide
That he had “stacks” on every side
Playing Poker.

Jack Weiss had dumped a pipe or two
When a “pat flush” at last came thru.
'Twas then and ONLY THEN he woke
And came out from behind the smoke
Playing Poker.

Cap Tinsley drew to two “short pair”
And raved and cussed and tore his hair.
The air was blue and red and green;
He swore a “full” he’d never seen
Playing Poker.

Now, Benny had some extra francs,
He garnered from the local banks;
But, Holly stood behind his chair.
How could he win with his “JINX” there?
Playing Poker.

At last the cards were good to me;
The aces came in—one, two, three.
Then in the “draw” one more was seen:
I knew right there 'twas all a dream,
Playing Poker.



Interior of Club Room showing fireplace and officers gathered about one of the reading tables

THE OFFICERS' MESS AND CLUB

DURING the first few months of the existence of our Regiment, both the food served and the manner in which it was served in the officers' mess, was such as to elicit every known kind of criticism from those affected. Whatever it was that was wrong, was not the fault of anyone, but rather, was the fault of conditions over which no one had control.

Officers are compelled to maintain their own mess and, of course, contribute to its expense. Each officer, inasmuch as he was compelled to pay for his food and service, naturally felt disposed to demand that his food and the manner in which it was served him, should be quite the same as that to which he was accustomed in civil life. To fully satisfy these exacting gormandizers was quite impossible, even if one had been disposed to do so. The amount of money at the disposal of the mess officer was not at all sufficient and proper service could not be maintained until we had become permanently located. During those few months our mess officer was placed in a very delicate position; a most unenviable one in fact. He was happily possessed, however, of a makeup which made him entirely impervious to any criticisms launched in his direction. He made the best of a difficult task and let it go at that.

For the first four months spent at Camp Pullman, the officers' mess was located in a dark, damp, dungeon-like room in the large station building. It would have been impossible to enjoy the best meal ever served, with such surroundings. There were no facilities for properly

preparing the food and, altogether, the officers' mess continued to be a subject of continual complaint. Our reason for recounting the dismal portion of the story, is not that we desire sympathy. We do not deserve sympathy. But we do wish the reader to know that the sumptuous surroundings enjoyed by the officers during the final months of their service overseas, were not theirs during the whole time.

Shortly after Captain John Brown had been appointed Mess Officer, the officers' mess was moved to a large stone building, recently enclosed and floored, and which was partially occupied by the Stores Department. Certain funds on hand were used for the purchase of linen, china and kitchen equipment. Changes were made in the personnel attendant to the mess. This resulted at once in a far different atmosphere and it was not long before the officers' mess had a reputation throughout a goodly portion of the A. E. F. as serving the best meal to be found in the army. Officers within the Base, but not attached to any particular unit, were ever anxious to join the mess. This was allowed but finally reached the point where we had to be the least bit inhospitable.

The mess hall was a room of good size and very well lighted. There was no provision for heating the room, however, and there were many times when meals could not be eaten in comfort. Supplies of cigars, cigarettes, candy, etc., were kept here in charge of the mess sergeant, and were sold to the officers at cost. Ten officers were seated at a table and there were accommodations for ninety.

Adjoining the mess hall and at the extreme end of the building was an unfinished room about forty-five feet square, which, up until November,



View of another corner of the Club Room. Everything used in the room was made in camp with exception of rugs.

1918, had been used as a rehearsal room by the band. It was at that time, decided to use this room as an officers' club. Among the Young Men's Christian Association representatives in La Rochelle was Mr. Abbott Graves, of Boston, a noted authority on art and interior decoration. Under his guidance and through his efforts the room was rapidly transformed into a club room of real beauty and comfort. A large fire-place was installed, chairs, tables, window-seats, lamps, sconces, etc., were made by our own workmen. The room was opened early in December and from that time until the end of our service in France was a source of real enjoyment to every officer and those who were wont to mingle with us.

It would be quite impossible to recount all that occurred within the four walls of the club room during the time we used it. It was the scene nightly, of numerous card games. Poker seemed to be the most popular game, it being extremely difficult to obtain a seat at the poker table for the evening's play without missing half of your dinner. There were some who admitted their superiority at playing this wonderful game, while there were others who periodically sent home their winnings. Whether you won or lost you were certain of a pleasant evening, for one of several "characters" would surely be in the game and keep its life from ebbing. Bridge was a close second to poker in popularity while cribbage was not far behind.

The Club was used frequently for social affairs and for other informal gatherings when high officers of our own or the French army should pay La Rochelle a visit. The appearance of the Club always elicited a word of praise from our visitors.

The officers were fortunate in being connected with an organization located in such a way that they might have the conveniences which were theirs during at least a portion of the time spent in France. They were also fortunate in having the officers' mess in capable hands.

“Our Band”

“Music hath charms”—and we proved this was true;
For when skies were dark and we felt kinda blue;
Then out on the air floated the strains of our band,
And with that glorious feelin’—gee, ain’t it grand!

Letters from home, kept us smiling at times.
An occasional “leave” helped to keep down the whines.
But, the one and the only “Dutch Cleanser” for grief,
Was our crew of real players and Jack Fyfe, their chief.

We wish that our time and our space would permit
To tell the whole tale—how those boys did their bit.
On the track all day long, then to rehearsals at night:
There were few of us knew how they put up their fight.

The instruments were donated—that’s a story in itself.
We won’t recount the Sousa’s who were put back on the shelf.
But, after they subtracted and they reached the final sum,
Jack Fyfe was at the baton and Don was at the drum.

Then real work commenced in earnest as they rounded into form.
Soon “Hindoostan” was conquered and heard above the storm.
“The Missouri Waltz” and others that we grew to learn and love,
Came floating down among us from their balcony above.

Parades were next in order and we saw ’em all in step;
Marching to their music gave us heaps of snappy pep.
Then came concerts in the mess hall—music as we ate;
No matter what the cooks put out, we never got there late.

Oh! Boy! remember those dances? With our allies fair and sweet?
Who knew all the latest fox-trots—if you didn’t watch their feet?
To rightly tell the story would require a Master hand:
No wonder that we sort of glowed when speaking of “OUR BAND.”

As History’s pen records our deeds in letters ne’er to fade;
There, let it be written, how they helped us make the grade.
And as we pass before Her Book, and there uncovered stand,
We know we’ll find their names in gold—the boys who made “OUR BAND.”



35th Engineers' Regimental Band. Photo taken outside Officers' Club, Camp Pullman, La Rochelle.

THE REGIMENTAL BAND

IT would, indeed, be difficult to find that human being upon whom music has no effect. Where is the person whose very soul does not acclaim in loud huzzas, the sound of music in one form or another? You will never find such a person in a military organization. It is a recognized fact among military authorities, that the soldier who has music as a daily stimulant, fights best, works best, thinks best and conducts himself best.

It was most unfortunate, that, in the organization of special engineer units, among which was numbered the 35th Engineers, no provision had been made for Regimental Bands. These specially formed regiments, were, for the most part, to be used in permanent locations in France and in a class of work, which, at best, must prove very monotonous to their personnel. It can readily be understood, therefore, how very valuable a musical organization might be in such a unit, in keeping the morale of the men at the right level.

Shortly before the departure of the first detachment of the regiment from Camp Grant for overseas service, some interest was manifested by a few of the officers toward the forming of a band. Through the generosity of Lieutenant Harry Darlington, who presented the band organization with a considerable sum of money, together with a loan made by Captain

Herman C. Huffer, Jr., it became possible to purchase a sufficient number of instruments to start a band. While the instrumentation made possible by these purchases was not all that could be desired, it afforded a beginning, a most necessary thing to have.

Shortly after the arrival of the third detachment at La Rochelle, our permanent abode while in France, Captain Don L. Clement was requested to see what could be done toward the forming of a really good band, one that might be a credit to the regiment. He found, at once, that the formation of such an organization would be attended with many difficulties. There were nearly half enough instruments, no music, lots of willing men but few with the necessary musical education and absolutely no one capable of assuming the duties of band leader. There was no money with which to purchase more instruments or music. Furthermore, according to the edicts from headquarters, those men selected as members of the band were not to be relieved from their other duties, but were to consider work at rehearsals as their recreation. Rehearsals were started at once, however, and in spite of the sour notes all too evident at the beginning, the efforts of the fellows met with enthusiastic acclaim from their comrades.

Within ten days after this inauspicious start had been made, there strolled into camp, a lone Scotch casual named Jack Fyfe. Fyfe was a real musician and by accident this became known. His capabilities were such that he was immediately appointed band leader, a position he held until the disbanding of the organization. There was now a real prospect of having a band that might be a distinct credit to the regiment. An appeal was made to the officers and enlisted men for money to be used for the purchase of the needed instruments and music. The response was all that one could ask. That response showed conclusively that the fellows wanted a band and made the writer determined that they should have a good band. Arrangements were made with a New York music publishing company whereby they forwarded each month all of the latest music. Regimental Headquarters finally agreed to allow the band men to devote their entire time to band duties. From that time on the progress of the band was very rapid and within six months, the personnel became permanent and the band had attained a degree of popularity with the Yanks and the natives, both surprising and gratifying.

The very pleasant relationship, which at all times existed between the United States soldiers and the citizens of La Rochelle, was enhanced to a very large extent by the activities of the band. Our band being the best trained musical organization within a radius of many miles, it was con-

tinually called upon to play at the many functions conducted by various French societies. Its conduct on such occasions was always above reproach and resulted in our being brought in closer touch with our Ally.

Probably the greatest value we derived from the formation of this organization, was the entertainment it furnished our own men. When three thousand men advanced upon the mess hall for their noon meal, after five hours of the hardest kind of manual labor, they were greeted by the strains of the latest jazz selection from home. This could not help but mean more cars that afternoon. Band concerts in the evening, together with moving pictures, provided good entertainment and served to keep the men in camp on many evenings when they would otherwise have sought entertainment outside.

Beginning on New Year's Eve following the Armistice, a series of weekly dances was inaugurated for the benefit of the enlisted men. These dances were held in the gigantic mess hall. On these occasions, the boys were provided an opportunity to teach the French girls the latest steps as done at home and you may rest assured, their pupils were apt indeed. With the band rendering the latest dance selections in a hall large enough to accommodate several hundred couples, the thoughts of war were removed from their minds on these occasions, at least.

The 35th Engineers Regimental Band performed a valuable service with the regiment, and, while individually, they are entitled to no more credit than is any other individual with the unit, they were, collectively, fortunate in doing that which entitles them to this resumé of their activities.

“The Mess”

Of course, it was a MESS at first and things were mighty glum,
With Mussenden's own specialties, Bird Seed and Army Slum.
'Twas tho't that these were hardships a soldier should endure.
We tried to grin and bear it, but the try was awfully poor.

Soon howls were heard on every side, life wasn't safe for Bill.
A mortal man gets dangerous when he doesn't get his fill.
The “OLD MAN” read the riot act and tried our yells to quell,
But, when a guy is hungry, he will naturally raise (deleted).

Just as we were starving, they put us on a boat.
We ate so much we wondered how the old tub kept afloat.
Our tummies forgot their troubles as we plowed the mighty deep,
As all we did was sleep and eat and then we'd eat and sleep.

When our feet hit solid ground, way on the other side,
There was Bill and his menus and then we almost died.
For when you work from early dawn until the stars come out;
No matter what a fish you are, you can't live like a trout.

When we were down to skin and bone—mere shadows in the sun;
And Bill was seldom seen at all and had bought another gun;
The Powers called a council to debate upon our need.
A call went forth for John to come and help out on the feed.

John, he twigged his moustache and dropped an “h” or two;
He told 'em if they'd give him Don, he'd try to see it thru.
So, they worked the “in addition to his other duties” gag,
And John and Clem were on the job to see it didn't lag.

We didn't have to wait a day before things made a change.
Our tummies were the targets and we were always on the range.
We ate things that our mothers never even tried to cook,
And little “Joys” danced about as old “Gloom” got the hook.

Gone were the days of “gold fish” and eggs oftentimes grown old.
Of all the goodies served to us, half will ne'er be told.
Just where these wizards got the stuff is still a mystery dark;
That question never troubled us as round the boards we'd park.

The fame of all our banquets spread to regions far and near:
About the only thing we lacked was bottled foamy beer.
But, even this was never missed for John oft got a hunch,
And, we all came back for “seconds” on his famous old fruit punch.

Thanksgiving Day and Christmas—but, why recall those spreads?
When all of us just ate so much we were toted to our beds.
The Medics finally warned us to put our appetites in “low”
Or the Q. M.'s stock of crosses would soon begin to go.

Oftimes as we rush home from work and sit us down to eat—
Confess it—don't the tho't just come?—that mess you couldn't beat.
And some of us would like to tell—(if we dared to go so far)—
Friend wife, that we would like to see another old-time war.



View of Old Port of La Rochelle with Entrance Towers and surrounding portions of the city. Camp Pullman was adjacent to that portion of city shown in right background.

LA ROCHELLE

LA ROCHELLE is a seaport on the western coast of France, the capitol of the department of Charente-Inferieure. It is located about ninety miles southeast of Nantes on the Etat Railway towards Bordeaux. Its population is approximately forty thousand. The city is situated on an inlet opening off the Bay of Biscay in which lie the two islands of Ré and Oleron.

Its fortifications, constructed by Vauban, have a circuit of three and one-half miles with three gates. Towards the sea there are three towers, of which the oldest, built in 1384, is that of St. Nicholas. The apartment in the first story of this tower was formerly used as a chapel. The Chain Tower, built towards the close of the fourteenth century, derives its name from the chain used to guard the harbor at this point. The entrance to the tidal basin was, at one time, spanned by a great pointed arch between the two towers. The Lantern Tower, completed in 1476, is seven stories high, is surmounted by a lofty spire and was once used as a lighthouse.

Of the ancient gateways, only one has been preserved in its entirety. this is the "Grosse Horloge," a huge square tower of the fourteenth century. The corner turrets have been surmounted with trophies since 1746. In all of these old towers are many trophies and relics of ages past that prove intensely interesting to the observant.

The Cathedral of La Rochelle is a heavy Grecian building and was completed in 1762. It has a dome above the transept. It was erected on the

site of the old church of St. Bartholomew, which was destroyed in the sixteenth century and is now represented by a solitary tower dating from the fourteenth century. The Town House is also a beautiful edifice. Externally, it is of the Gothic style of the latter years of the fifteenth century and has the appearance of a fortress. Its severity is much relieved, however, by the beautiful carving of the two entrances, also by the machicolations and the two belfries. The buildings looking into the inner court are in the Renaissance style and contain several fine apartments.

In the old Episcopal Palace, accommodations have been made for a library, a collection of records and a museum of art and antiquities. This building was, in turn, the residence of Sully, the Prince of Condé; Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria. It was also the scene of the marriage of Alphonso VI. of Portugal and a Princess of Savoy.

Other buildings of note are an arsenal with an artillery museum, a large hospital, a special Protestant hospital, a military hospital and a lunatic asylum for the department of Charente-Inferieure. In the botanical gardens there are museums of natural history. Medieval and Renaissance houses give a peculiar character to certain districts of the city. Several of these buildings have French, Latin or Greek inscriptions of a moral or religious turn and in general of Protestant origin. Of these old houses, the most interesting is one built in the middle of the sixteenth century and wrongly known as that of Henry II.

The parade-ground, which forms the principal public square, occupies the site of a large castle demolished in 1590. Some of the principal business streets have side-arcades. The public wells are fed from a large reservoir in the Champ de Mars. The most popular promenades are the Cour des Dames in which is found the statue of Admiral Duperré and the Mail, a beautiful piece of greensward situated close to the sea-wall. Near the Mail are the sea-bathing establishments.

La Rochelle is the seat of a bishopric and a prefect, and has tribunals of the first instance and of commerce, a chamber of commerce and a branch of the Bank of France. Its educational establishments include an ecclesiastical seminary, a lycée and a training college for girls. The principal industries are shipbuilding, saw-milling, the manufacture of briquettes and chemicals, the preserving of sardines and tunny and the refining of petroleum. The rearing of oysters and mussels and the exploitation of salt marshes is carried on in the vicinity.

The inlet of La Rochelle is protected by a stone mole constructed by Richelieu and visible at low tide. The harbor is one of the safest on the

coast. It is entered by a channel somewhat over a mile in length. It comprises an outer harbor, opening on the one hand into a floating basin, on the other into a tidal basin with another floating basin adjoining it. Behind the tidal basin is the Maubec reservoir, the waters of which, along with those of the Marans canal, serve to scour the port and navigable channel. About two hundred sailing vessels are engaged in the fisheries, and the fish market of La Rochelle is the most important on the west coast of France. The harbor is inaccessible to the larger vessels, for the accommodation of which, the port of La Pallice was created in 1891. This port is located within four miles of La Rochelle and opens into the bay opposite the eastern extremity of the Island of Ré. It was artificially excavated and affords safe anchorage in all kinds of weather.

La Rochelle existed at the close of the tenth century under the name of Rupella. It belonged to the barony of Chatelaillon, which was annexed about that time by the Duke of Aquitaine. It succeeded Chatelaillon as the chief town of Aunis. In 1199 it received a communal charter from Eleanor, Duchess of Guienne, and it was in this harbor that John Lackland disembarked when he came to try to recover the domains seized by Philip Augustus. The city was captured by Louis VIII. in 1224. It was restored to the English in 1360 by the treaty of Bretigny, but, later shook off the yoke of the foreigner when Du Guesclin recovered Saintonge. During the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, La Rochelle,



View of The Mail, La Rochelle, on Sunday following Armistice. All American troops in Base reviewed on that day by General Hubert of French Army. This picture shows Headquarters Company, 35th Engineers followed by Regimental Band, Captain Clement commanding.

then an almost independent commune, was one of the great maritime cities of France.

From its harbor in 1402, Jean de Bethencourt set sail for the conquest of the Canaries and the seamen of this city were the first to turn to account the discovery of the new world. The salt tax provoked a rebellion at La Rochelle which was repressed by Charles I. in person. However, in 1568, the town secured an exemption by the payment of a large sum.

At the Reformation, La Rochelle early became one of the chief centers of Calvinism and during the religious wars, the city armed many privateers which preyed on Catholic vessels in the Channel and on the high seas. In 1571, a synod of the Protestant churches of France was held within its walls under the Presidency of Beza for the purpose of drawing up a confession of faith. After the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the city held out for over six months against a Catholic army, which was ultimately obliged to raise the siege after losing twenty thousand men. This trouble came to an end on June 24, 1573, when peace was signed by the people of La Rochelle in the name of the Protestant party, granting the Calvinists full liberty of worship in several places of safety.

Under Henry IV. the city remained quiet but under Louis XIII. it again put itself at the head of the Huguenot party. Its vessels blockaded the mouth of the Gironde River and completely put an end to the commerce of Bordeaux. They also seized the islands of Ré and Oleron and several vessels of the royal fleet. Richelieu then resolved to subdue the town at once and for all time. In spite of the assistance of the British troops Buckingham and the fierce energy of their own Mayor Guiton, the people of La Rochelle were obliged to capitulate after a siege of one year, in 1628. It was during this investment that Richelieu raised the celebrated mole which cut the town off from the open sea.

La Rochelle then became the principal port for the trade between France and their colony in Canada. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 deprived it of several thousands of its most industrious inhabitants and the loss of Canada by France completed for the time, the ruin of its commerce. Its privateers, however, maintained a vigorous struggle with the English during the life of the republic and the empire.

THE RIVATORE

[WITH APOLOGIES TO WALT MASON]

I made a trip across the foam
To swat old Fritzie on the dome:
My fists were clenched, my look was grim,
I meant to fight with vigorous vim.
But since I landed on this soil
I've been beset by beau-coup toil.
From early morn till late at night,
With heavy box cars I do fight.
I haven't heard the cannons roar,
Because I am a Rivatore.

If I could only get one Hun
I'd feel my work on earth was done.
That is all that I would ask,
But, Fate has dealt me no such task.
I go to bed at night quite tired
And sometimes wish that I'd be fired.
But, when I've had a good night's rest,
I rise again and do my best.
I'll never win a D.S.O.
For knocking out a bunch of foe;
I won't have any yarn to tell
Of how I fought and gave them Hell;
And how I waded deep in gore,
Because I am a Rivatore.

But, if my pals and I should slack,
Old Bill would drive the Yanks right back.
Our boys could never cross the line
Or bathe their tootsies in the Rhine:
Because we send them all the stuff
That helps to call the Kaiser's bluff.
We'll never get a lot of fame,
No one will ever hear our name;
But, with this fracas now all done,
We know we've helped to lick the Hun.

INTRODUCTION

They told me to write—and they left it to me,
To say what I pleased, if the truth it should be.
Says Don, “Go ahead, in prose or in rhyme;
We know you can ‘hand it’ most any old time.”

So, I sat me right down to dope out a plan
To bring a wee smile to the face of each man.
In feet or in metre you’ll find these lines shy.
Rhymin’s all I can do, no matter how hard I try.

You may find baby thorns hidden after your name,
But, they won’t stick you much and it’s all in the game.
Remember our record—we sure stood the gaff.
All that these lines are for—is simply a laugh.

GEORGE J. KRAKOW

OFFICERS ON THE PAN



COLONEL ALBERT E. WALDRON

*To boss a bunch of rookies who were mostly out of joint—
Is one of many things they fail to teach up at the Point.
Yet, "Uncle Bert" did nobly and we are here to say,
That as our own "K O" he gets our absolute "O K."*

A graduate of the Military Academy at West Point and an officer in the Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army for over twenty years. Commanded the regiment from the date of its organization until shortly after the Armistice. There are many fine things which could be written about him and the best of them is—He would go to any length that his men might be benefited.



COLONEL GEORGE H. VINCETT

*'Tis hard to find some fitting words to honor our "Old Man,"
But, as we did in La Rochelle—we'll do the best we can.
We know they gave him eagles and some medals for his chest,
But, the love our boys had for him—this he treasures best.*

In civil life, a well known railroad car builder. For several years Manager of car building plant of the Standard Steel Car Co. Commissioned Major, Corps of Engineers, from civil life in October, 1917. Promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel and later to Colonel during the period of the war. Became the Commanding Officer of the regiment on November 24, 1918, succeeding Colonel Waldron. To him belongs the credit for the marvelously efficient organization of our men into a car erecting unit.



MAJOR ROBERT TINSLEY

*The "youngest old man" we had in our crew.
Always cussin' and lookin' for more work to do.
When to us come the years that have passed o'er his brow;
Our hope is, they'll find us, as our Bob is now.*

Had for many years been identified with the car building industry, having been Manager of the Pullman Company Plant. Commissioned Captain, Corps of Engineers, in November, 1917. Assigned to Regimental Headquarters same month. Promoted to rank of Major in February, 1919. During our car erecting operations, he was in direct charge of Erection Track No. 1. General Storekeeper of the Plant during February and March, 1919. Base Athletic Officer for Base No. 7 following the Armistice.

*If you gave him a hammer and his own right of way,
He could build almost anything, even a Y. M. C. A.
Built all our barracks—the shops were his, too;
Most all of our comforts, Charlie, we owe to you.*

Major Fueller had, in civil life, many years of experience as an executive in car building shops. Commissioned Captain, Corps of Engineers, in October, 1917. After reporting to the regiment for duty he was assigned to the command of Company "F," retaining this command until promoted to the rank of Major in February, 1919. During the period of our operations in France, he was in charge of the construction of all shops and other buildings.



MAJOR CHARLES H. FUELLER



MAJOR JOSEPH E. SURRIDGE

*His "leaves" never hurt him, he was "one of the boys."
Always ready to share in our sorrows and our joys.
In this old world of ours, there are few of his stamp.
We had always a welcome for Surridge in camp.*

Major Surridge, for many years, prior to the war, had been actively engaged as a shop executive in various car building plants. Commissioned Major, Corps of Engineers, in October, 1917. After reporting for duty to the regiment, he was appointed Commanding Officer of the First Battalion. He was relieved of this command in May, 1918, when he was sent on detached service to inspect equipment being erected by British units. He remained on this duty until after the regiment had been disbanded.

*There was no "wound stripe" on his sleeve, tho Cupid got his heart.
For the Major was a ladies' man, and sure did dress the part.
We all remember how "Doug" looked when Dooley went away,
But, H. C. never missed him—at least, that's what they say.*

Major Dooley had for several years been a Sales Executive of the American Car & Foundry Company. He had also been an officer in the National Guard, Missouri. Commissioned Major, Corps of Engineers in November, 1917. After reporting for duty to the regiment, he was appointed Commanding Officer of the Third Battalion, retaining this command until April, 1918, when he was given command of a detachment of the regiment on duty at Bordeaux. Returned to Regimental Headquarters in December, 1918, where he remained on special duty until regiment was disbanded.



MAJOR THOMAS A. DOOLEY, JR.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM E. ABBOTT

*An old army bird—as tough as a birch:
Remember him togged up on Sunday for church?
He had the Q. M.'s number before the gong had rung:
You may firmly rest assured, we were never stung.*

Captain Abbott, after spending twenty-five years in the Corps of Engineers, had been retired shortly before the Declaration of War. He was commissioned Captain, Corps of Engineers, in September, 1917, and assigned immediately to this regiment. Due to his extensive army training and proven ability, he was appointed Regimental Supply Officer and held this very important office throughout the existence of the regiment.

*With a small stock of buttons—"de kindt dat you needt."
He had his own lingo of Yiddish and Swede.
On cars he knew the latest, showed the Colonel how 'twas done.
He played 'em close, yet after all, Henry was heaps of fun.*

Captain Amble had been, for many years, a construction foreman in various car building plants, and, as were many others in the regiment, was peculiarly fitted for the work at hand. Commissioned Captain, Corps of Engineers, in November, 1917, and was assigned to Regimental Headquarters upon reporting for duty to the regiment. Remained with the regiment throughout its existence. He was in direct charge of the erection of cars on Erection Track No. 2.



CAPTAIN HERLOF AMBLE



CAPTAIN F. N. HATCH

*He was trained for to fight with a trusty ole gun;
So he warred on the world and missed all the fun.
We knew nothing of armies or history's wars,
But, you "gotta" admit, Cap, we sure built the cars.*

Captain Hatch was a construction engineer in civil life and was commissioned Captain, Corps of Engineers, upon graduating from the first Officers Training Camp. After being assigned to this regiment in October, 1917, he was appointed commanding officer of Company "E," retaining this office throughout the existence of the regiment. His duties were varied but had to do entirely with the military administration of the unit.

*An Indian on the war-path always uses paint,
And when it comes to Indians, Charlie was no saint.
'Tis said that he wore "Eagles" upon a night of yore—
"100,000 Paletots"—sure, that was Cappies store.*

Captain King had for years been a foreman in charge of various classes of work in the car building shops of the Standard Steel Car Company. Commissioned Captain, Corps of Engineers, in November, 1917, and assigned to Regimental Headquarters upon reporting for duty. His duties while with the regiment had to do entirely with the erection of cars. He was in direct charge of the application of air-brake equipment and paint on all equipment erected.



CAPTAIN CHARLES F. KING

*Some officers are only good at passing army bucks;
But, Bill was there and then some, a building all our trucks.
Of course, "Unc" wore the eagles—but, it cut no ice at all;
Cap kept the boys a humpin' and never let 'em stall.*



CAPTAIN WILLIAM G. VINCETT

Captain Vincett, in civil life, had been a foreman in charge of certain car construction work in one of the plants of the Standard Steel Car Company. Commissioned Captain, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to this regiment in October, 1917. Assigned to the command of Company "G," retaining this command throughout the existence of the unit. During the period of our car erecting activities in France, he was in direct charge of the erection of all trucks used.

*Our hand is only mortal and our pen is only steel,
So, we can't say all we'd like to, with but a single deal.
He held the place they gave him 'gainst some mighty odds,
And, thru all our awful battles, he was favored by the gods.*

Captain Huffer had been a member of Troop "A," National Guard, New York, for a number of years prior to the war. Commissioned Captain, Corps of Engineers' in October, 1917, and assigned to this regiment. Appointed Regimental Adjutant in October, 1917, remaining with the regiment in this capacity until March, 1919, when he was transferred from the unit.



CAPTAIN HERMAN C. HUFFER, JR.

*Pass me another "shot," old dear—a memory toast to drink,
To one who never passed one up—a really wise old gink.
He had a G.H.Q. in Saintes—a place that was a dream.
As Poe said to the Raven, "things ain't wot they seem."*

Captain Blackstock had been employed for many years as a foreman in various car building plants in this country. Commissioned Captain, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. Assigned to the command of Company "I," retaining this command until relieved in January, 1919. His duties, while in France, were in connection with car erection. He was in charge of wood car construction on Erection Track No. 2.



CAPTAIN JAMES T. BLACKSTOCK

*He must have used stilts to pass the entrance exam,
For he wasn't much taller than a medium sized clam.
The noise he made o'er balanced this lack of stature tall;
H. P. could give the best a start and easily beat 'em all.*

Captain Jones was a Construction Engineer by profession and was commissioned Captain, Corps of Engineers, upon graduating from the first Officers Training Camp. Assigned to this regiment in December, 1917. Was assigned to Regimental Headquarters until the disbanding of the unit. His principal duties while in France were in connection with the Stores Department of the Car Erection Plant. Also served as Judge Advocate.



CAPTAIN SYDNEY G. JONES



CAPTAIN DON L. CLEMENT

One of the Allies almost got him with the aid of Colonel Grant.

*They ran the poor gink ragged till his legs got all aslant.
He held more jobs and tiles than Jack Pershing ever drew,
And yet they never called on Don that he didn't come right thru.*

Captain Clement, in civil life, had been Superintendent of Car Repair Shops on the New York Central Railroad. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in November, 1917. Assigned to Company "C," remaining with that Company until June, 1918, when he was transferred to Regimental Headquarters and appointed Assistant Regimental Adjutant. Appointed Regimental Adjutant in March, 1919. Promoted to the rank of Captain in February, 1919. Served as Base Entertainment Officer of Base No. 7 after the Armistice.

*The Canadians never lost a better boy than John.
He sure had all their uniforms and wore 'em right along.
He ran the "Hoose-Gow" all alone, without a bit of aid,
And in the Mess and other things John always made the grade.*

Captain Brown had been an officer in the National Guard, Texas. At the outbreak of the war he entered the Canadian Army with the rank of Captain and was later promoted to the rank of Major. He resigned this commission in September, 1917, and accepted commission of 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army, and was assigned to this regiment in November, 1917. Assigned to Company "C," remaining with that Company until March, 1919, when he was relieved and appointed Commanding Officer of Company 131. Promoted to rank of Captain in February, 1919. His duties during certain periods in France were Regimental Mess Officer, Sanitation Officer and Officer of the Guard.



CAPTAIN JOHN E. BROWN

*No matter what you picked Jim for, you never drew a blank.
At buildin' cars he was a whiz—his middle name was "tank."*

*He learned to parley French, and could sing it well in song.
Ask Cap Vincett about it, if you think that I am wrong.*

Captain Blair had been employed as a foreman in one of the car building plants of the Standard Steel Car Company. Commissioned a 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. Assigned to Company "E," remaining with this Company until his promotion to the rank of Captain in February, 1919. When the regiment was disbanded he was given command of Headquarters Company, bringing it back to the States. During the period of our car building activities he was in direct charge of car erection on Erection Track No. 3.



CAPTAIN JAMES L. BLAIR

*He hailed from the Biltmore in "deah old New Yawk,"
Where they never get up in the A. M. to work.
He would read every night until "Dick" threw a shoe.
A nine o'clock breakfast was the best he could do.*

Captain Carter was a graduate of the first Officers Training Camp. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in September, 1917. Acted as Regimental Adjutant until the arrival of Captain Huffer. Assistant Regimental Adjutant until his arrival in France when he was appointed General Storekeeper of the Car Erection Plant. Promoted to the rank of Captain in February, 1919. Assigned to the command of Company "C" in March, 1919.



CAPTAIN PAUL E. CARTER



CAPTAIN DAVID HALDEMAN

*Dave was big and brawny and he knew the game of cars;
But, when it came to wagers, he should have stopped at wars.
He put up a real live "Century" that we'd do a full year
more,
And Clem, the lucky devil, just annexed it to his store.*

Captain Haldeman had been, as were several others, a foreman in charge of car construction work in car building plants. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in November, 1917. Assigned to Company "F," remaining with this Company until his promotion to the rank of Captain in February, 1919. Assigned to the command of Company 98 in March, 1919. His duties while in France were for the most part in connection with car erection, he being in charge of wood car construction on Erection Track No. 1.

*'Member how he took 'em in, your rumors one and all?
He always had the "latest dope" on things sure to apall.
We all gave Phil a thriller—some one or two apiece:
But, things were never quite the same when he got back from
Nice.*

Captain Philbrick, in civil life, had spent years in the employ of the operating department of the Norfolk & Western Railroad. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. Assigned to Company "H" with which Company he served until his promotion to the rank of Captain in February, 1919. Assigned to the command of Company 99 in March, 1919. During his service in France with the regiment, he acted as Yard Master, in which capacity, he had charge of the transportation of all materials and cars erected.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM F. PHILBRICK



CAPTAIN ORVILLE S. DICKSON, JR.

*Dick was a spendthrift—he never kept a franc.
He spent every centime at the La Rochelle Bank.
Hit the old hay at ten bells every night,
And stuck to the tracks—almost, but, not quite.*

Captain Dickson had been employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad in various departments for several years. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in November, 1917. Assigned to Company "C" and remained with this Company until his promotion to the rank of Captain in February, 1919. Assigned to the command of Company 95 in March, 1919. His duties in France were entirely in connection with car erection. He was Assistant Officer in charge of Erection Track No. 1.

*A man from the South—yet he loved Winter so,
That you never found Jim far away from his "Snow."
He never found a job that was too big for his size,
Except to answer a letter, reading "A word to the wise."*

Captain Morris, prior to his service in the army, had been schooled thoroughly in the building and maintenance of railway equipment on the Pennsylvania Railroad, his last position being that of Assistant Master Mechanic. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. Assigned to Company "A," remaining with that Company until his promotion to the rank of Captain in February, 1919. Assigned to the command of Company 100 in March, 1919. His duties, while in France, required of him, the supervision of the machine and blacksmith shops of the Car Erection Plant. He was also on duty for a short period with the Inter-Allied Railroad Commission in Germany.



CAPTAIN JAMES M. MORRIS

*The story of Ruth and Naomi is as old as the oldest hills;
But, Fletcher and Jim Morris had it backed way off the bills.
As a fish sticks to the water or a tree clings to its bark;
So our old friend F. J. Snow stuck to his own Oak Park.*



CAPTAIN FLETCHER J. SNOW

Captain Snow was, in civil life, identified with industrial concerns closely associated with railway corporations. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in November, 1917. Assigned to Company "A," remaining with this Company until his promotion to the rank of Captain in February, 1919. From the time of his arrival in France until February, 1919, he was Assistant Officer in charge of wood car construction on Erection Track No. 2. In February, 1919, he was sent on detached service with the Inter-Allied Railroad Commission in Germany.

*Along the ocean's briny brink, at twilight every day,
He loved to stroll and wander, up and down the quay.
He loved to study nature on all the walks he took;
And, what he learned, we know, would fill a good sized book.*

Captain Morgan was a Mechanical Engineer by profession and had several years experience in railway construction work. He attended the first Officers Training Camp, was commissioned first Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in November, 1917. Assigned to Company "G," and remained with that Company until his promotion to the rank of Captain in February, 1919. Assigned to the command of Company 20 in March, 1919. His duties during the period of our activities in France were entirely in connection with car erection. He was Assistant Officer in charge of Erection Track No. 1.



CAPTAIN ALFRED C. MORGAN



CAPTAIN BENJAMIN J. WEISMER

*The fact that he was "little" cut no ice with Ben.
He gave the whole world pointers on how and where and when.
At entertaining Generals among our Allies true;
You had a way, Ben, all your own; the cut glass goes to you.*

Captain Weismer had been in the employ of the American Car & Foundry Company in an executive capacity for several years prior to the war. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in November, 1917. Assigned to Company "A," remaining with that Company until his promotion to the rank of Captain in February, 1919. Assigned to the command of Company 93 in March, 1919. During the period of our car erecting activities, he was in charge of the unloading of all car parts together with its proper distribution throughout the plant.

*He ran his Company like a "vet," his men always in tune.
Ever with his smiling face, reminding one of June.
Of course, he had his failings, what mortal man has not?
He sure knew how to "kick it," most every other pot.*

Captain Weiss attended the first Officers Training Camp, was commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. Assigned to Company "I," remaining with that Company until his promotion to the rank of Captain in February, 1919. Assigned to the command of Company 102 in March, 1919. His duties while with the regiment were entirely in connection with the military administration of the unit.



CAPTAIN JOHN F. WEISS



1ST LIEUT. F. WILLIAM HAUSMANN

*His heels had rubber bumpers so they couldn't make a noise,
As Bill went slyly sleuthing for errant wicked boys.
Of course, he never found 'em among our angel (?) crew,
So, he packed up his kit and left us for something else to do.*

Lieutenant Hausmann attended the first Officers Training Camp, was commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. Was appointed Adjutant of the Second Battalion in December, 1917. From May, 1918, to December, 1918, he was on detached service with the Intelligence Bureau at Chaumont. While on duty with his regiment at other times he acted in the capacity of Assistant Regimental Adjutant and Regimental Adjutant.

*He did all Cap Vincett's work a settin' up the wheels.
He "stayed out" of every "pot" on all of Amble's "deals."
He had a temper "Irish type" that surely glowed at times.
We wonder if he'll smile or rave at these poor little lines.*

Lieutenant O'Brien had, for several years, been employed as an executive in the car building shops of the Standard Steel Car Company. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. Assigned to Company "G," remaining with this Company during the period of its existence. His duties were those of Assistant Officer in charge of the Truck Assembling Department in the Erection Yard.



1ST LIEUT. WILLIAM J. O'BRIEN

*"Anything to sell today? Well, then, let's make a trade;
In shoes or putts or army cots—anything that's made."
'Spite of this "junkman stuff" pulled most all the time,
'Twas hard to find a "finer" than "Holly" in our line.*

Lieutenant Holbrook had spent several years in the employ of a number of car building corporations in various capacities. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. Assigned to Company "I," remaining with this Company during the entire period of its existence. In France, for several months, he was in command of a detachment at Saintes. During the balance of his service, he was on duty with the Store Department of the Erection Plant.



1ST LIEUT. ALBERT W. HOLBROOK

*Trained to handle "fightin' men," they put him on the
Guard,
And, he did make 'em hustle in squads around the yard.
He put 'em thru the manual as John B. said he should,
And, as the rest of all our crew—he did the best he could.*

Lieutenant Fetterolf, before the war, had been closely identified with the railway industry. Attended the first Officers Training Camp, was commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. Assigned to Company "H," remaining with that Company until April, 1918, when he was sent on detached service with one of the out-lying detachments of the regiment repairing cars in French Railway Shops. Returned to Regimental Headquarters in October, 1918. Appointed Officer of the Guard upon his return. Assigned to Company 92 in February, 1919.



1ST LIEUTENANT HORACE M. FETTEROLF



1ST LIEUTENANT ROBERT M. TOTTEN

*Bob had a sunny nature—it hurt him just to frown.
He cooked up lots of rumors for Phil to swallow down.
We never knew a better lad around the whole dern yard,
And, we're mighty glad to know, we had him for a pard.*

Lieutenant Totten was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, from civil life, and assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. Assigned to Company "B" in October, 1917, remaining with that Company until March, 1919, when he was transferred to Company 95. Promoted to the rank of 1st Lieutenant in February, 1919. His duties while with the regiment were entirely with respect to the military administration of the unit.

*His wife sent him shoes and a suit of new clothes.
What he did with his money, nobody knows.
Harry knew the "Squad Stuff"—North, East and West.
At times he gave the men "At Ease" but, never once "At
Rest."*

Lieutenant Gaither graduated from the first Officers Training Camp, was commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. Assigned to Company "H" in October, 1917, remaining with that Company until February, 1919, when he was placed in command of a Casual Company made up of the first men of the unit to be returned to the United States. During his service with the regiment, his duties were entirely in connection with the military administration of the unit.



1ST LIEUTENANT H. B. GAITHER



1ST LIEUTENANT RUSSELL M. SMITH

*We well remember Russell, another Smith, you see.
The way these Smith's are found about, is wonderful to me.
Captain John of Plymouth fame: Russell looked like him
But, he could never be accused of such a lack of vim.*

Lieutenant Smith was, in civil life, an executive in the Mechanical Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. Assigned to Company "B" in October, 1917, remaining with that Company until transferred from the regiment in July, 1918. While with the regiment in France, his duties were in connection with the construction of the camp and building yard.

*Not content with his lot, he hied to Bordeaux,
Where the number was small and he'd be the whole show.
He reported by mail to show how he stood.
Were the reports authentic? Well, then, he made good.*

Lieutenant Budwell had for a number of years prior to the war been connected with the railway industry. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. Assigned to Company "E" in October, 1917. From January, 1918, to within a short time before the regiment was disbanded, he served with a detachment of the regiment on duty in the French Railway Shops in Bordeaux. At this point, he was in direct charge of repairs to car equipment. Upon his return to Regimental Headquarters he was assigned to Company 96.



1ST LIEUTENANT WALTER BUDWELL

*Smith was tall and angular, few pounds were on his frame;
He knew it just as well as we, and, of course, was not to blame.*

*Unassuming? He was that: he did not make believe;
Just a good old-fashioned Smith, there was nothing up his sleeve.*



1ST LIEUTENANT CLYDE C. SMITH

Lieutenant Smith, in civil life, spent several years in the car maintenance department of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He was commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in September, 1918. He did not join the regiment in France until December, 1918. Assigned to Company 129 upon reporting for duty. During the short period of time he served with the unit, he was given various duties calling for executive capacity.

*The stories of his untold wealth would make a lengthy yarn.
We wondered if the "needle" hurt when he jabbed it in his
arm.*

*Of course, we weren't quite immune, at times we were im-
pressed,*

But, we never got the "habit," so, perhaps, 'twas for the best.

Lieutenant Sharp was commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in September, 1918. Due to his being in the United States at the time of the assignment, he was unable to join the regiment until December, 1918. Upon reporting for duty, he was assigned to Company 92. He was given duties to perform with the Stores Department of the Erection Plant.



1ST LIEUTENANT JOHN H. SHARP



1ST LIEUT. EPHRIAM B. WILKINSON

*Wilkie was a man of words, we've all heard him spiel.
He certainly showed the "garcons" how to serve a good meal.
He started the "Club," then hired a sea-going hack,
'Cause he wanted to be sure, that he could get back.*

Lieutenant Wilkinson was a civil and mechanical engineer by profession, in civil life. Attended the first Officers Training Camp, was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. Assigned to Company "F," remaining with that Company until March, 1919, when he was transferred to Company 99. Promoted to the rank of 1st Lieutenant in June, 1918. His duties, while in France, were entirely in connection with car erection, he being Assistant Officer in charge of Erection Track No. 3.

*No matter where his duty called or where he chanced to
roam,
You'd never find him far away, to him the camp was
"home."*

*He always seemed so quiet-like, you'd never think he'd
fight,
"Just lead him in a swell cafe, if you wish to see a sight."*

Lieutenant Dyke, in civil life, had been employed for many years as foreman of construction work on a number of New England railways. This experience made his services with the regiment of especial value on work of that nature. He was commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, in October, 1917, and assigned to the regiment immediately. Assigned to Company "D" with which Company he remained until January, 1919, when he was placed in command of a Casual Company and returned to the United States.



1ST LIEUTENANT HOWARD L. DYKE



1ST LIEUT. FRED W. FORD, JR.

*You can bank on a Ford—they'll always get thru,
And that's just the record our Fred had, too.
He could work, play or dance and give odds to 'em all.
And, Oh! How the natives, for his lingo, did fall.*

Lieutenant Ford was a Mechanical Engineer by profession, in civil life. Attended the first Officers Training Camp and upon completion of this training was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in September, 1917. Assigned to Company "D," remaining with that Company until March, 1919, when he was transferred to Company 131. Promoted to the rank of 1st Lieutenant in February, 1919. During the period of our activities in France, he acted as Assistant Master Mechanic until September, 1918, when he became Master Mechanic of the Erection Plant. He also compiled the historical data from which this book is written.

*He had a face of scarlet and a heart of yellow gold:
At singing Irish Ballads he had Olcott beaten cold.
'Tis said that he took a "wee drop" once or twice,
Then spent half of the night giving Charlie King advice.*

Lieutenant Ryan, had, for several years prior to the war, been an executive in the Repair Shops of the New York Central Railroad. Commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in November, 1917. Assigned to Company "F," remaining with that Company until March, 1919, when he was transferred to Company 99. In April, 1919, he was transferred to the 31st Engineers. Promoted to the rank of 1st Lieutenant in February, 1919. While with this regiment in France, he was in charge of the maintenance of all cranes, hoists and locomotives used in the Erection Yard.



1ST LIEUTENANT JAMES W. RYAN

*As cute as they make 'em, yet, surely full of pep,
At leading any Company and keeping them in step.
He had oodles of practice at this sort of thing,
For "Bish" was always loyal and true to his "King."*



1ST LIEUTENANT ROY P. BISHOP

Lieutenant Bishop, in civil life, was a civil engineer by profession. Attended the first Officers Training Camp, was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in November, 1917. Assigned to Company "G," remaining with that Company until its arrival overseas. Transferred to Regimental Headquarters in April, 1918, and appointed Assistant Regimental Personnel Officer. Appointed Personnel Adjutant of the regiment in August, 1918, and held this appointment until the regiment was disbanded. Promoted to the rank of 1st Lieutenant in February, 1919.

*Carl was efficient—he admitted it was so;
Everywhere that Carter went, Carl was sure to go.
He followed him to Mess and watched him eat, they say;
That's the reason the Mess went up to fifteen francs a day.*

Lieutenant Manchester, prior to the war, had been employed by the Standard Steel Car Company in an executive capacity. Commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in November, 1917. Assigned to Company "I," remaining with that Company until March, 1919, when he was transferred to Company 20. Promoted to the rank of 1st Lieutenant in February, 1919. His duties while in France were entirely in connection with car erection. He was Assistant General Storekeeper of the Car Erection Plant.



1ST LIEUT. CARL C. MANCHESTER



1ST LIEUTENANT REX J. OFFUTT

*The man who put the B. & O. on baseball history's page.
Among the ladies, sweet and fair, he always was the rage.
He laid the pipes that brought us heat when we were very
cold.
Now, he's back a-playin' ball—at least, that's what we're
told.*

Lieutenant Offutt, in civil life, was employed in an executive capacity in the Repair Shops of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in November, 1917. Assigned to Company "H," remaining with that Company until March, 1919, when he was transferred to Company 99. Promoted to the rank of 1st Lieutenant in February, 1919. During the period of our activities in France, he was in direct charge of installation and maintenance of heating plant and pipe lines.

*He knew his A.R. from its index to its end.
He always wore boots so his hips couldn't bend.
Spoke accented English in true Southern style,
And reeled off the wires for mile upon mile.*

Lieutenant Lamb, in civil life, had a large experience as an Electrical Engineer. Attended the first Officers Training Camp. Commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in November, 1917. Assigned to Company "A," remaining with that Company throughout its existence. Promoted to the rank of 1st Lieutenant in February, 1919. His duties while with the regiment in France were those of Electrical Engineer of the Erection Plant and Camp.



1ST LIEUTENANT JAMES C. LAMB



1ST LIEUT. BENJAMIN J. HELSEL

*Around the poker table, he was as welcome as a boil;
But, he just couldn't help it, his middle name was Hoyle.
On the track he made things hum—hum with snap and vim;
So, even as a card critique, we were proud of him.*

Lieutenant Helsel had secured, in civil life, a real knowledge of car building, in the employ of the Standard Steel Car Company. Commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. Assigned to Company "C," remaining with that Company until March, 1919, when he was transferred to Company 102. Promoted to the rank of 1st Lieutenant in February, 1919. His duties while in France were entirely in connection with car erection, he being Assistant Officer in charge of Erection Track No. 2.

*Always happy at work—just as happy in play;
He'd see the job thru 'fore he'd "call it a day,"
With his bright rosy cheeks and nice curly hair,
He helped to make bright many days "over there."*

Lieutenant Doll had, in civil life, spent several years in engineering work similar to that in which the regiment engaged. Commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. Assigned to Company "G," remaining with that Company until March, 1919, when he was transferred to Company 129. Promoted to the rank of 1st Lieutenant in February, 1919. His duties for the most part were in connection with the military administration of the unit, although he was for a short period Assistant Officer in the Truck Assembling Department of the Erection Yard.



1ST LIEUTENANT WILLIAM E. DOLL



1ST LIEUTENANT NORMAN C. RAABE

*"Seeky Miller's" star patient, he took all colors of pills,
That Doc so kindly brought along to cure our aches and ills.
This boy had a mania: it was pictures on the wall.
What kind of pictures were they? Now, its time for me to stall.*

Lieutenant Raabe was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, from civil life, in October, 1917, and immediately assigned to the regiment. Assigned to Company "A" in October, 1917, remaining with that Company until February, 1919, when he was transferred to Company 92. Promoted to the rank of 1st Lieutenant in February, 1919. His duties, while the regiment was in France, were in connection with the Erection Plant in various capacities.

*War sure plays some funny tricks amid its woe and strife.
Some men get wounded unto death and others get a wife.
Warfel tried by every means to hear the shriek of shells,
But, all that ever came his way, was the sound of Wedding
Bells.*

Lieutenant Warfel was a graduate of the first Officers Training Camp, was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. Assigned to Company "B" in October, 1917, remaining with that Company until February, 1919, when he was transferred to Company 95. During the entire time he served with the regiment his duties were in connection with the military administration of the unit.



2ND LIEUTENANT ADAM C. WARFEL



2ND LIEUT. RAYMOND O. SCHAFER

*He sat beside the very Throne, a tryin' not to grin,
When he heard the Monarch growl, he knew 'twas meant for
him.*

*It was a life, Ray, my boy, that no one envied you.
We give you heaps of credit for a thing we couldn't do.*

Lieutenant Schafer enlisted in the army in September, 1917, and, due to his experience on railways in civil life, was assigned to duty with this regiment. He was appointed Regimental Sergeant Major in October, 1917, serving in that capacity until he was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, in July, 1918. After being commissioned an officer, he continued on duty at Regimental Headquarters. In August, 1918, he was appointed Assistant Officer in charge of car construction on Erection Track No. 3. At the conclusion of the regiment's service in France, he was assigned to the command of the Regimental Band and brought it to the United States.

*When they got a car all finished and it was set to go,
They sent for little George, you see, to give it the O.O.
He never let a one get by that was the least bit queer;
Even Henry's track got busy when they saw him coming
near.*

Lieutenant Hoffman, in civil life, was employed in the car maintenance department of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. He enlisted in the army in September, 1917, and was assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. He was promoted from one non-commissioned grade to another rapidly and was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, in October, 1918. Assigned to Company 100, remaining with that Company until his transfer from the regiment in April, 1919. He was the Chief Car Inspector in the Erection Plant during our service in France.



2ND LIEUT. GEORGE P. HOFFMAN



2ND LIEUTENANT DAVID E. WILSON

'Member old Dave, who helped feed our wild crew.
There was never a limit to the work he could do.
A man who believed "deeds spoke louder than words."
The "boys" sure were grateful for his "seconds" and
"thirds."

Lieutenant Wilson had a great deal of engineering experience in civil life. He enlisted in the army in September, 1917. Assigned to the regiment in November, 1917. During his service with the regiment in France, he was, for a short period engaged in work connected with the erection of cars, but, for the greater period, he was assistant in charge of the Regimental Mess Department. Promoted rapidly through the various non-commissioned grades and commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, in October, 1918. Assigned to Company 102, remaining with that Company until his transfer from the regiment in April, 1919.

"No greater love"—these were His words, and as our heads
we bow,
We pay a silent tribute to Him, Who rules the "Now."
In His wisdom and His mercy, He saw fit to call Rae home,
Yet Memory, His kindest gift, has not left us all alone.

Lieutenant Herring had, in civil life, been employed in an executive capacity in the car department of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He enlisted in the army in September, 1917, and was assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. Upon arrival in France, he was placed in charge of a large number of workmen on Erection Track No. 1. He was promoted through various non-commissioned grades and was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, in October, 1918. While on duty during the month of January, 1919, he was seriously injured and within a few days died from the effects of these injuries.



2ND LIEUTENANT RAE F. HERRING



2ND LIEUTENANT C. C. FELTON

With an Uncle in Washington whose shoulders gleamed
with stars,
He had an edge on men who wore mere eagles, leaves and
bars.
Yet, you've got to give him credit for he began at the lowest
rung,
And, finally won a Sam Browne belt—that was going some.

Lieutenant Felton enlisted in the army in September, 1917. Assigned to the regiment in October, 1917, and in November was appointed First Sergeant of Company "G." Shortly after his arrival in France, he was placed in charge of a portion of the workmen on Erection Track No. 3. Promoted through the various non-commissioned grades and commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, in October, 1918. Assigned to Company 129.

*He snapped all the stuff that his Graflex could reach.
Every sunshiny day he was out on the beach.
As these pages you turn and in happiness sigh,
Just remember the photos were all made by Nigh.*

Lieutenant Nigh enlisted in the army in September, 1917. He was a Mechanical Engineer by profession and a photographer by choice. Besides having certain duties in the office of the Master Mechanic he was appointed Official Photographer of the regiment. Promoted through the various non-commissioned grades and commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, in October, 1918. Assigned to Company 131.



2ND LIEUTENANT GEORGE W. NIGH



2ND LIEUTENANT ROBERT U. RICH

*He worked for Lamb afixin' things so that we had light.
This may be news to some of you who were never home at night.
His name was just the very one that tells you what he is—
Rich in all the manly stuff—we liked his homely "phiz."*

Lieutenant Rich, after enlisting in the army during the summer of 1917, was assigned to the regiment and appointed a non-commissioned officer in Company "G." Due to his having been an Electrical Engineer in civil life, he was assigned to duty with the electrical department of the Erection Plant, after his arrival in France. He was promoted from one non-commissioned grade to another and was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, in December, 1918. Assigned to Company 131.

*You never saw a little desk all fussed up with his name
In our store room office. But, he was there just the same.
He was the man who "opened up" when the boss was still
at feed.
You never had to wait a "sec" when he found out your need.*

Lieutenant Elder enlisted in the army in August, 1917, and, on account of his railroad experience, was assigned to the regiment in November, 1917. During the entire time spent by the regiment in France, he was an assistant to the General Storekeeper of the Car Erection Plant. He was promoted through the various non-commissioned grades and was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, in December, 1918. Assigned to Company 100, remaining with that Company until its arrival in the United States when he was transferred to another branch of the army.



2ND LIEUT. H. MATT ELDER, JR.



2ND LIEUTENANT H. L. GEISELHART

*Geiselhart was built for work, in fact, he knew just how.
He tackled in with all his vim, even to eating chow.
He kept on going, step by step, always with eyes ahead,
And, finally reached his wished-for goal, with honor, it
should be said.*

Lieutenant Geiselhart enlisted in the army in October, 1917, and on account of his railway engineering experience, he was assigned to the regiment at once. While his duties with the regiment were varied, his principal duty was in the maintenance of the Erection Yard. He was promoted through various non-commissioned grades and was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, in December, 1918. Assigned to Company 98.

*When some men start in wearing bars and things that say
you're "there,"
They also add some other things; for instance, a haughty
air.
Now, Paul, the Mott, was regular, his head remained the
same;
As officer or enlisted man, he played his usual game.*

Lieutenant Mott enlisted in the army during the summer of 1917. He was assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. Due to his very large experience in the operation of power units, he was placed in direct charge of the power plant used in our operations in France. He was promoted through the various non-commissioned grades and was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, in October, 1918. Assigned to Company 93.



2ND LIEUTENANT PAUL F. MOTT

*Before he got the "gold ones" 'tis said he shone at craps,
And, often made a franc or two before they sounded taps.
But, in our club he started in at bridge to take a sprint,
And, what his partners said to him isn't fit to print.*

Lieutenant Woodall enlisted in the army in September, 1917, and was assigned to the regiment in November, 1917. He was appointed a non-commissioned officer before his Company left for over-seas service. Upon arrival in France, he was placed in charge of one of the departments on an Erection Track and continued in such a capacity throughout the balance of the time spent there. His promotion was rapid and he was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, in October, 1918. Assigned to Company 94.



2ND LIEUT. NELSON W. WOODALL

*You all know what a Henry'll do if you feed it lots of gas;
And, Snowden stopped at every tank that on the road he'd
pass.*

*Some said he had a "Packard Pull" hid beneath his hood,
But, after all is said and done we know that he made good.*

Lieutenant Henry enlisted in the army in September, 1917, and was assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. He was appointed a non-commissioned officer in Headquarters Detachment. During the last few months of service in France he was an assistant of car construction work on Erection Track No. 3. Commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, in November, 1918. Assigned to Company 93.



2ND LIEUTENANT SNOWDEN HENRY



2ND LIEUTENANT JOHN E. ROYER

*Royer was a Sergeant bold, and wanted so to fight.
The fact he couldn't do so, struck him like a blight.
He rallied and thought and then went straight to work
A buildin' cars and what not; he knew not how to shirk.*

Lieutenant Royer enlisted in the army in the summer of 1917 and was assigned to the regiment in October, 1917. He was soon appointed a non-commissioned officer in Company "F." His duties up until he became a commissioned officer were in connection with the military administration of his Company. After being commissioned, he was placed in charge of one of the departments of the Stores Department of the Car Erection Plant. Commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, in December, 1918. Assigned to Company 94.

*Sure, we all remember him, tho' he wasn't with us long.
They should have sent him sooner, that's where they went
wrong.*

*He shook a mighty wicked mitt on all pianos made,
And, when he started playing you could feel the old grouch
fade.*

Lieutenant Eckels attended an Officers Training Camp during 1918, was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to the regiment in September, 1918. He was unable to report for duty until December, 1918. Assigned to Company 20, remaining with that Company until the regiment was disbanded. During the short time with the unit, he was given duties in connection with the military administration of the regiment.



2ND LIEUT. WILBERFORCE ECKELS



CHAPLAIN PAT MURPHY

*"What's in a name," Shakespeare said, and Bill sure had the dope;
Despite the name they wished on him, Pat never knew the Pope.*

*In playing war's game, men say little of creed,
And, as a regular fellow, Pat filled every need.*

Chaplain Murphy, a protestant, had been on various assignments before being assigned to the regiment in September, 1918. Immediately after reporting for duty, it was apparent to all that his viewpoint of a chaplain's duties were proper and he became invaluable to the regimental personnel. He remained with the regiment until it was disbanded.

*We remember you now—and that's saying a lot:
For a regiment's Padre is often forgot.
Your door ever open—we n'er needed to rap,
We knew that our Lager was always on tap.*

Chaplain Lager, a catholic, was assigned to duty with the regiment in September, 1918, after having been on duty with other regiments in the A.E. F. He, also, in our opinion, had the proper perspective of a chaplain's duties and we were especially fortunate in having his services. He was relieved from duty with the regiment in January, 1919.



CHAPLAIN URBAN W. LAGER

*His head was so slick, the hair just couldn't grow.
Grass has never flourished on a busy street, you know.
His smile was all he needed to cure our aches and ills.
He got most all his exercise rollin' Durham pills.*



MAJOR J. E. PHILLIPS

Major Phillips was assigned to the command of the Medical Detachment attached to the regiment in October, 1918. Prior to this assignment, he had seen extensive service at and near the front line. He remained in command of the Medical Detachment until its arrival in the United States, when he transferred to one of the Base General Hospitals in this country.

*Modesty as a virtue, is a jewel that's rare indeed.
I know you'll all agree that this is what I need.
Perchance, Old Clem, in mercy, will rewrite this little verse,
And if he does, I rest assured, it couldn't be much worse.*

Captain Krakow was commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Dental Corps, in October, 1917, and assigned to duty with the regiment in November, 1917. Promoted to the rank of Captain in October, 1918. He was in charge of the Dental Department of the infirmary until his transfer to duty at La Pallice in April, 1919.



CAPTAIN GEORGE J. KRAKOW



CAPTAIN FRED W. LORING

*Beloved by the Sam Brownes'—alike by the men.
Working night and day and hadn't started then.
He failed to get the "gold leaves" he earned o'er and o'er.
The latch string's always hangin' out for Loring at our door.*

Captain Loring was commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Medical Corps, in October, 1917, and immediately assigned to duty with the regiment. He remained with the regiment until it disbanded and returned to the United States with the Medical Detachment in May, 1919. Promoted to the rank of Captain in January, 1919.

*At sick call in the A. M. or in Loring's room at night,
Bill was there to treat you and you got treated "white."
Sure, he was fat and lazy but with work on hand to do,
"Doc" somehow always reached the spot and mighty quickly, too.*

Captain Hill was commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Medical Corps, in October, 1917, and was assigned to the regiment during the same month. Remaining with the regiment during the whole of its existence, returning to the United States with the regiment's Medical Detachment after the regiment had been disbanded. Promoted to the rank of Captain in January, 1919.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. HILL



CAPTAIN C. C. KNUCKEY

*We can't say enough—yet we might say too much
Of the work that he did in his "little grey hutch."
But, our thanks and good wishes we here do record.
Our hope is that Life will success to Knuckey accord.*

Captain Knuckey was assigned to duty with the Medical Detachment of the regiment in August, 1918, and remained with it until the regiment was disbanded and his detachment had returned to the United States. Promoted from 1st Lieutenant to the rank of Captain in January, 1919.

*The Big Leagues sure lost some wing when Hal became a
Doc,
For, when he warmed to action, they all swung like a clock.
At first, he had us guessing with his "really dontcherknow,"
But all of this soon wore away when he joined our show.*

Captain Chase was assigned to duty with the regiment, in its Medical Detachment in April, 1918, and remained with the regiment until July, 1918, when he was transferred to duty with Base Hospital No. 39, situated close to our camp. While on duty with the regiment his rank was 1st Lieutenant. Promoted to the rank of Captain in December, 1918.



CAPTAIN HEMAN B. CHASE

*Doc should have been a surgeon—ever see him cut for deal?
He played a mighty wicked game if you listened to his spiel.
At baseball too, he claimed that he, had taught Ruth how to bat;
But, he was such a dern good fellow, we let it go at that.*

Captain Greene was assigned to duty with the Medical Detachment with the regiment in February, 1919, after having been on duty for many months with other units in Base No. 7. He returned to the United States with the unit in May, 1919.



CAPTAIN PAUL L. GREENE

*He was with us at times—more often away.
 "Detached Service" and "Leaves" were his hobbies, they
 say.
 But, when he fixed up your jaws, he fixed 'em to stay,
 And the molars he drilled on are still working today.*

Lieutenant Wittet was commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Dental Corps, in October, 1917, and immediately assigned to duty with the regiment. He continued on duty with the regiment as a dental surgeon throughout its existence, returning to the United States with the Medical Detachment in May, 1919.



1ST LIEUTENANT GORDON E. WITTET



1ST LIEUTENANT J. F. PATTISON

*"Why didn't I join the Navy?" this was his daily plea;
 "For they only give promotions to the men who sail the sea."
 Amble and the Army were his two and only jinx.
 He swore before he'd 'list again he'd take a few more thinks.*

Lieutenant Pattison was assigned to the Medical Detachment of the regiment in October, 1918, after he had served with several other units in France. He remained with the detachment until it reached the United States where it was disbanded.

FOLLOWING are the names and a brief sketch of each of the officers who served with the regiment during a portion of its existence and from whom we have been unable to obtain photographs.

Major Douglas was another well known shop executive in car building plants who was Commissioned Major, Corps of Engineers, in October, 1917, and assigned to the regiment. He was appointed Commanding Officer of the Second Battalion. He retained this command until September 14, 1918, when he was transferred from the regiment. While with this regiment in France, he acted as Master Mechanic of the Car Erecting Plant.

MAJOR EUGENE C. HERON had been engaged in railway construction work for a number of years prior to the war. From 1913 to 1917 he was the Senior Engineer with the United States Government Interstate Commerce Commission, Division of Valuation. Commissioned Captain, Corps of Engineers, in June, 1917. Promoted to rank of Major in December, 1917. He was attached to this regiment in December, 1917, and commanded the third detachment of the regiment while enroute from Camp Grant to La Rochelle, France. Relieved from duty with the regiment in April, 1918.

CAPTAIN WILKIE WOODARD had for years followed the profession of civil engineer, much of the time in connection with railroad development. He had served in the army during the Spanish-American War and at the termination of this service was discharged with the rank of Cap-

tain. Commissioned Captain, Corps of Engineers, in April, 1917. Assigned to the 35th Engineers in October, 1917, and appointed to the command of Company H in the same month. He retained this command until April, 1917, when he was transferred to duty with other engineering units.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM R. PEARSON was a civil engineer and had been employed in an executive capacity by the Louisville & Nashville R. R. in their Maintenance of Way and Valuation Departments. Attended the first Officers Training Camp and after finishing this course of instruction was commissioned Captain, Corps of Engineers, and assigned to duty with this regiment. Assigned to the command of Company C in October, 1917, retaining this command until sent on detached service with the Purchasing Department of the A. E. F. forces in June, 1918. Officially transferred from the regiment in November, 1918.

CAPTAIN E. BURTON HOCKER was also a civil engineer, whose experience had been principally in railway work. He attended the first Officers Training Camp and at its termination was commissioned Captain, Corps of Engineers. Assigned to this regiment in October, 1917, and appointed to the command of Company D. Remained in command of this Company until his transfer from the unit in April, 1918.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM L. TEDFORD for many years prior to the war, had been prominently identified with the car building industry, having been connected with the Pullman Company. Commissioned Captain, Corps of Engineers, from civil life and assigned to this regiment in November, 1917. Assigned to Regimental Headquarters. Transferred from the regiment in April, 1918. During his service with the regiment in France, he was chief inspector of cars erected.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM C. LINDNER before the period of the war had been an executive of the Car Department of the Pennsylvania R. R. He was commissioned Captain, Corps of Engineers, from civil life in October, 1917 and assigned to this regiment. Assigned to Regimental Headquarters. Transferred from the regiment in April, 1918, and from that time on was on duty at Transportation Headquarters at Tours. After leaving this unit he was promoted to the rank of Major.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM C. COLE had, in civil life, been an executive in the Car Building and Repairing Department of the Pennsylvania R. R. Commissioned Captain, Corps of Engineers, in November, 1917 and assigned to this regiment. Assigned to Regimental Headquarters. Transferred from the regiment to Headquarters of the Transportation Corps in April, 1918.

CAPTAIN KARL J. ZINCK had, prior to the war, seen a great deal of military life and, immediately after being commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, was assigned to this regiment. Promoted to the rank of Captain in January, 1918. Transferred from the unit in August, 1918. During his service with the unit, he acted in the capacity of Personnel Adjutant.

1ST LIEUTENANT WILLIAM S. MUSSENDEN was a civil engineer by profession, being a graduate of Illinois University. Throughout his career before the war he had been engaged in railway construction work, most of this work having been performed in Mexico. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, from civil life in August, 1917. Assigned to this regiment in September, 1917. Appointed Regimental Mess Officer immediately after reporting for duty and retaining this appointment until May, 1918, when he was assigned to other duty in connection with yard construction. Transferred from the regiment in December, 1918.

1ST LIEUTENANT LOUIS T. M. RALSTON was also a civil engineer, being a graduate of Princeton University. He had, for several years prior to the war, been in the Maintenance of Way Department of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois R. R. Attended the first Officers Training Camp, and upon its completion was commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers. Assigned to this regiment in October, 1917, and was immediately assigned to Company G. Remained with this Company until transferred from the organization in April, 1918.

1ST LIEUTENANT ARTHUR F. AINSLIE was graduated from the College of Engineering, University of Minnesota, and for several years before the war had been employed by the Northern Pacific R. R. in their Engineering Department. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, from civil life in July, 1917. Assigned to this regiment in October, 1917, and later assigned to Company G, with which Company he served until his transfer from the regiment in November, 1918. During his service with the unit his duties were those of assistant Regimental Supply Officer.

1ST LIEUTENANT FRED C. MCFARLAND was a graduate civil engineer from Pennsylvania State College and had for a number of years been employed in the Maintenance of Way Department of the Pennsylvania R. R. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, from civil life in June, 1917. Assigned to this regiment in October, 1917. Upon reporting for duty he was assigned to Company D, remaining with this Company until his transfer from the regiment in May, 1918.

1ST LIEUTENANT WILBUR OGLESBY, after having spent several months as an enlisted man in the Infantry, was commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, in November, 1917, and immediately assigned to this regiment. In civil life he had been connected in an executive capacity with a southern railroad in its operating department. Upon reporting for duty, he was assigned to Company B, and remained with this Company until transferred from the regiment in April, 1918. Lieutenant Oglesby died from an attack of pneumonia in June, 1918, while serving with the 19th Engineers.

2ND LIEUTENANT HARRY DARLINGTON was commissioned in October, 1917 and assigned to duty with this regiment. Assigned to Company "E", remaining with this Company until transferred from the regiment in April, 1918. In civil life, he was indentified with a number of industrial concerns closely associated with the railways of the country.

2ND LIEUTENANT ROLAND G. STAFFORD was a civil engineer, being a graduate of the Tufts College Engineering School. For a number of years employed by the Boston & Maine R. R. in its Maintenance of Way Department. Attended the first Officers Training Camp and at its termination was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers. Assigned to this regiment in September, 1917. Assigned to Company E, remaining with this Comapny until his transfer from the regiment in October, 1918.

2ND LIEUTENANT M. J. HEYL enlisted in the army in August, 1917 and was assigned to this regiment in October, 1917. Assigned to Company E, in which Company he served until his promotion to the rank of 2nd Lieutenant, Transportation Corps, in October, 1918. He was transferred from the regiment in November, 1918.

CHAPLAIN EDWIN F. LEE was assigned to duty with the regiment at the time of its organization in October, 1917. He remained with our unit until September, 1918, when he was selected as one of several for duty at General Headquarters.

A number of others served with the regiment for a short period of time but it has been impossible for the writer to gather any information about them.

CAPTAIN R. L. ROCKWELL	1ST LIEUTENANT W. S. MACK
CAPTAIN J. B. MOORE	1ST LIEUTENANT J. S. WETHERILL
1ST LIEUTENANT R. E. TRIPPE	2ND LIEUTENANT R. J. BYRON
1ST LIEUTENANT M. V. HOLMES	2ND LIEUTENANT L. J. STEIN
2ND LIEUTENANT R. C. MONTGOMERY	

SANITARY DETACHMENT

MAJOR HENRY L. AKIN	CAPTAIN MINOR MCDANIELS
1ST LIEUTENANT J. D. MILLER	

APPENDIX

Now, we've gone and spilled the beans, you've read the worst "wot is."
We hope that there'll be nothing but smiles on every "phiz."
Of course we pressed a wee bit hard on one or maybe more,
But, as there's nothing "personal" meant, who can get real sore?

Just stop to think what awful things our pen has left unsaid,
And then, in humble thankfulness, bow your aching head.
'Tis hard to curb the truth, you know—awfully hard at times;
Yet, Chatellaillon isn't mentioned in all these many lines.

'Tis true that here and there a thorn crops out behind the rose,
But, as old Omar aptly says, "He knows, He knows, He knows."
And you won't find a single line that somehow doesn't fit;
So grin "old top" in life's old game—someone must be "It."

Rush not forth to send a wire to tell us of your grief.
Should you find a really punk old page—turn another leaf.
Somewhere you will find the verse that chases off the GLOOM;
Just read that one until you find that Joy is in the room.

Extracts of Letters

WRITTEN BY GEORGE KRAKOW DESCRIBING

Trip to Nice

DURING the period of service of the Regiment in France, most of the officers and enlisted men were given leaves from duty, and at such times, it was made possible for them to go to areas set aside for their recreation.

These trips to and from the leave centers were, for our men, their best opportunity to observe the French and their customs, together with the many points of historical interest to be seen. Impressions gained by these many travelers, if they could be accumulated, would indeed be intensely interesting to any reader.

No man who has traveled about a foreign country, could possibly forget that which he has seen, but it is seldom one is found, who, after having seen, is able to write of what he has seen and his impressions in such a wholesome manner, that by reading one may thoroughly enjoy and visualize a trip made by the other.

Believing that the following extracts from letters descriptive of a trip to Paris and Nice will be greatly enjoyed by all who read them, and will bring back to the minds of those who made similar trips, memories that have long since ceased to be, the writer is including them in this work.

These extracts are from letters written by Captain George J. Krakow concerning the trip taken by Major Robert Tinsley and himself in November, 1918. The letters were written to a mutual friend in the United States and it will be noted in them that Captain Krakow has taken the liberty of poking fun at Major Tinsley's ever-present appetite. These portions of the extracts would have been eliminated had it been possible to do so without affecting adversely the extracts as they should appear in the book.

Trip to Nice—First Letter

During our trip to Paris and Nice, my role was that of official interpreter, secretary, treasurer and mess officer. Aside from the time required by the duties involved in those various offices, I had all of my time to myself. First of all, then, we left in a rush with but three or four hours in which to pack and get started. This was rather easy since our ability to wear one uniform and the various other articles of clothing going with it for indefinite periods of time helped greatly to reduce the size of our luggage.

After we had our five handkerchiefs packed, off we went, and in going, left behind all such familiar sounds as rivet hammers and engine exhausts, which, for nine long months, had rocked us to sleep and awakened. I had the tickets, having spent the prescribed three hours obtaining same in the afternoon, and so we had nothing to do but hunt up our compartment.

We did not take a sleeper though we had a full night's ride ahead of us. The reason for this was that we had seen the sleepers first, and secondly, every time one purchases a ticket calling for a berth, the road declares a dividend. We decided to sit up, trusting to luck that our four partners would be congenial

company during the wee small hours. In this we were disappointed, for they seemed to be catering to some Home of the Aged on this particular night, as our fellow travelers were all of an age sufficiently advanced to make an undertaker view 'em with speculation.

Promptly at seven-forty, the time scheduled for the train to leave, the engine whistled shrilly but remained quite stationary after one or two screams. So, at the very start, we were denied the innovation of seeing one of these trains pull out on time. However, after the engineer, fireman, etc., had finally bid a fond farewell to all of the officials at the station, we were moving and on our way to Paris. It is very clear to us now why the Boche never reached that famous city—they evidently took a native train, thereby giving ample time to the Allied Forces to fortify the avenues of approach.

It was a long, long night of waiting and morning was as long in coming as a check from the Quartermaster Department, but we made it somehow. The train was crowded and even the aisles filled. If there is any truth in misery loving company, it must have had all eight of its loving cylinders working over them.

We were due to arrive in the big city at eight-thirty. We figured on actually getting there at ten-thirty but missed it by a full hour. By the time we told the Military Police all our family history and secrets, it was high noon and our tummies felt as vacant as the Loop on a Sunday night. We grabbed a taxi and immediately drove to the station from which our train was to leave on the following evening for Nice and there secured our tickets and reservations with surprisingly little effort or trouble.

I would, indeed, be remiss if I neglected to say a word here anent the Paris taxi—a species of bug found in no other place and in such numbers as to make even Henry Ford's products seem infinitesimal in comparison. Driven by true Knights of the Road, these little devils run in and out, over and under everything that comes in their way and with no traffic cops to check their course or speed, the occupant of the tonneau has not only the thrill of feeling himself gliding through Paris, but with it the feeling that sooner or later there will be a crash and then oblivion. After ten minutes this feeling is such that the sooner the grand crash the better, human nerves having a limit. Somehow our guardian angels must have been doing double duty for we not only broke all known traffic rules and several still to be conceived, but we actually arrived at our destination with a clean slate, or as one of the army daily medical reports would say: "No deaths and no casualties."

No more for us the thrills of the roller coaster—gone are the days when a mere earthquake possesses terrors. We have ridden in a taxi in Paris and for us there can be no further terror in anything on earth, in the air above nor the waters beneath. Yet, justice demands that even the devil be given his due and in all fairness, therefore, I am bound to say that they are very reasonable in their charges, indeed, and in Paris a reasonable charge is a rare jewel as you will learn if you read further.

A glance at the lobby of our hotel was quite reassuring. It was a swell joint with all the trimmings. We registered, but in a much different way than in those good old days when all one had to do was scribble his John Henry on the book and stick the pen back in the potato. Here, how different. After you have filled out their form required by law, the only things they don't know about you would be sufficient to identify Bill Thompson if he was surrounded by white men.

Cap took it all good naturedly, which surprised me a bit considering how hungry he was, and only offered one or two profane remarks as he answered the query as to whether he had ten or fifteen children at home. It's a great life, this getting into a French hotel, and should you ever hear of a scarcity of paper, just

remember much is used in the simple process of registration. Then try to imagine how many reams are required in the event of a birth or a death. The thought is staggering.

A bell-hop, whose youth was spent in Napoleon's first army escorted us to our room—a really beautiful place with twin beds, private bath and all of the modern conveniences our best hotels have to offer. Soon, we went to the dining-room for lunch, this being our first and last offence at eating in a Paris hotel. For the life of me, I cannot remember what we had to eat but the service was wonderful. However, service is not very filling and the only thing that saved some chef's neck was our utter fatigue which rendered us so docile that we never peeped when we got our check. They call it the "l'addition" over here and it's a darned good name for it. I feel certain Burroughs must have gotten his ideas of an adding machine by spending a few days in one of these hotels.

On our way back to our room we found the mystery of all the wonderful oil paintings and wall tapestries encountered in the halls was a mystery no longer and decided then and there to hie ourselves hence before the management had gotten enough to buy a few additional "old masters" to hang up in our memory. In the evening we started out to find if it was not possible to get a meal at some place where we would not be forced to go through the red tape of bankruptcy. The night was dark and the streets still darker with the blue lights on their fifth year of service, but guided by an aching void just south of where we used to carry our watch charm, we located a real comfort station in a basement where we had all we cared to eat and some real good bottled beer to cheer up our depressed spirits.

Please don't think this place was run on a charitable plan for they gave nothing away—not even the secret of where they get the nerve to make out the "l'addition." We did get some real food for our money and so American-like we raised no kick. 'Twas here Cap started to show this country why they pay Hoover a salary back home and as I refer to his vast appetite as I go on with this record, you will know that after this first meal I was fully prepared for the succession of marvels which followed. After giving the waiter ten per cent of the bill as a tip, thereby enabling him to buy anything his little heart desired, we returned to the hotel where we secured tickets for the Follies Bergere.

SECOND LETTER, NOVEMBER THIRTIETH, 1918

Trip to Paris and Nice

Now, let's see, I left off just at the point where we were starting for the Follies Beregere—to see our first show in Paris. The name of the theatre would seem to indicate that its object was to amuse "THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN," but it wasn't quite as bad as that, the musical comedy being more on the order of our "PASSING SHOWS"—just one round of real good stuff, which coming after a year of absence was greatly enjoyed and a good time "was had by all."

Getting to the theatre was not an easy task. Paris was then the city of Blue Lights and only a true follower of Mary Baker Eddy would be able to swear to the lights at that. Our previous training, acquired by numerous nights of Loop Prowling stood us in good stead and after going only a mile or two out of our way we managed by the aid of a wonderful Dough Boy, to finally arrive at the theatre. Funny how these Dough Boys of ours can find things in this country—it's instinct, I guess, since they get to places that lie hidden from the wearers of Sam Brownes and it is quite a temptation to discard all insignia and leather contraptions some time just to see how these wonders are worked.

The entrance to the theatre was one large cafe—tables being placed so close together that the only way to keep one's order of liquid refreshment from being purloined by a neighboring soul on pleasure bent, is to consume it rapidly and without intermission—however, that may have been the intention of the management.

Having no desire to quench our thirst with an anti-Bryan beverage, we proceeded into the big tent, our march being played by a Jazz band in the center of the cafe. The music, after the eighth or ninth drink, was doubtless on a par with the *Heavenly Chorus*, but in our condition of sobriety, much could be expected of it after all allowance for time, place and scores had been made.

Our seats were way down front—way down where one can admire the fine technique of the orchestra, et cetera—both the orchestra and the et cetera were very good. Perhaps I erred when I said "seats," for really we only had one seat and a little folding shelf for me that put me in the aisle—a regular thing over here where fire regulations are absent as the country seems to possess rather unfavorable conditions for such things as regulations of any kind—the single exceptions being our imported *Army Regulations*, which I honestly believe will never be effected by anything on earth.

The curtain went up (everything does just that in France) and the show was on. It was a "regular" show with enough of our own language spoken to enable us to laugh at the right time and with the proper amount of enthusiasm. Daphne Pollard and Shirley Kellogg—our own two American girls were in the cast and thanks to them we had no trouble in trying to think of how it would seem to drop over to Kunz-Remler's for a juicy steak after the last act.

Between the acts the Jazz band fulfilled the second part of its contract and many an ex-brewer from the United States would have turned green with envy had he but witnessed the wholesale destruction of the fluid stuff—which, like ambition, should be made of sterner ingredients. Strange though it may seem, we partook not of these sparkling waters—our average for the trip was ample, however, to easily excuse this little oversight.

At 11.30 the show was over and we hit the trail for our hotel and, believe me, never was "*The Long, Long Trail*" so highly popular as a song, so near to taking on its full meaning. I'll take my oath on a stack of Bibles higher than the entire *Gideon* purchases to date, that we walked around our domicile eight times and missed it every time. Just as the clock struck one, I flatly refused to walk another step—twenty-four miles being my limit after 10 P. M., and while in the very act of hailing a taxi, we sighted our objective not a half a block away.

Those twin beds felt good and after spending the night before on a train, we were able to feel the softness of each individual feather as it came softly up to meet our tired frames. Morning came all too soon, but after a hot bath in some water, not only hot but real water, we felt fully capable of representing the American Army to the fullest extent of the confidence reposed in us by our own beloved Congress.

Breakfast was our next problem and as it was ten o'clock, we were forced to apply considerable pressure to break an old custom that distinctly stipulates that all dining service stops at nine o'clock and lasts until noon. By the judicious expenditure of a wee bit of the "dangerous stuff" before which even monarchs tremble, another old custom bit the dust and we ate enough food to make up for the twenty other people who were supposed to arrive but had, for some reason failed to show up.

Now, I say "we" out of sheer politeness, for really "I" was moderate in my efforts to reduce the surplus viands of dear old Paris. This same politeness causes me to be silent on what the other half of the party managed to do, knowing that

your imagination will, perchance, prove equal to guessing at least ten per cent of what actually occurred.

After we had watched another chunk off our roll go into that bourne from which no jitney returns, we started out to take a little walk, though not before Cap had ascertained to the second how soon it would be possible to eat dinner—not physically possible, you understand, but the time they would begin serving.

Wandering along, with no place specially to go, we came upon a magnificent edifice into which a number of people were going and being in the mood of explorers, we too, mounted the massive stone steps and found ourselves in the Church of the Magdelene, where a Requiem High Mass (it being All Souls Day) was just beginning for our own boys who had paid the price of this war with all they could give—their lives.

Of course we stayed—it was a privilege that comes but seldom and like Peter at the Mount, we too, felt like saying, “Lord, it is good for us to be here.” You are familiar enough with the Requiem to know that with the surroundings of place and thought, the scene was most impressive and we came away a bit better and bigger men than the curious pair of sightseers who entered. Of the church as a piece of architecture, I am forced to confess that a limited knowledge of these things is sufficient to keep me from trying to give any of the technical description which would be so thoroughly enjoyable if written by one cognizant of these things. That the whole created in us a feeling of wonder and awe at its stupendous beauty and size will give you a sum total of our impressions, and while we cannot, perhaps, put into words the grandeur, stately and magnificent, yet we felt it and the recollection will remain with us for many a day to come.

As I recall the afternoon, we spent most of the time up until 7:00 P. M., when we arrived at the depot, in walking about, and of course, there wasn’t such an awful lot of time left after we had finished dinner, which was a great repast. I know you’ll say, before this narrative finally ends, that you are sick of reading of nothing but “eating” and “food”—well, if you get any more tired of it than I did, listening to the same old wail “*When do we eat?*” from early morning until late at night—you will surely have to go some. I got so sick of it that I’m still shying like a two-year-old colt everytime anyone says food to me.

At seven o’clock we were at the depot—the P. L. & M. (Paris, Lyon and Mediterranean)—and we had quite a time getting settled in our compartment. The M. P.’s were kept busy lining up the victims (any one going on one of these trains is a victim) and the job got so difficult one of them went out to get a little liquid forgetfulness. He came back lit up like a Polish Cathedral but still able to walk straight and talk fairly intelligibly.

Just as the train started—or rather just prior to pulling out, he came into our sanctum, hastily thrust an official looking document into Cap’s hand—saluted and volunteered the information that Cap had charge of the car from that time on—then, without waiting to see how his newly appointed successor liked or disliked this sudden rise to authority and power, this little M. P. with true wisdom, suddenly vanished from sight.

Cap stood looking at the paper in utter silence. I thought he had been knocked speechless by this sudden honor, but it developed later he was only trying to think up some new and effective cuss-words to do this turn of events justice. Well, he found “them words” and started out hunting M. P.’s regardless of whether that particular species of bird happened to be in season or not.

Luckily for the Provost Marshall the train started before Cap got to the end of the car for I’d have given less right then for the Government’s chances at not paying several ten thousand dollar policies than at any time before or since. In his trip down the aisle, however, the new *King* surveyed his kingdom, so recently

thrust upon him, and when he finally came back, his chest had expanded a full three feet.

Think of it—two Generals, half a dozen Colonels, a few Majors, an odd Captain or so and a few dozen 2nd Loots (they always travel in droves)—all of these were his to do with as he chose. Foch in all his power had opportunities no greater than this—and as the magnitude of his throne slowly dawned upon this Monarch, his face lost a few of the hard lines that shortly before had spelled death to the first poor innocent M. P. he might chance to meet.

We were facing a thirty-six-hour ride, so if he devoted five minutes each to the 2nd Loots and so on up in an ascending scale, he would have plenty of time to kill the last General and still have time for an extra meal or two before we arrived at Nice. So, carefully folding his official document, he placed it in his pocket and sat down with a sort of official dignity that spoke louder than words—and what it said was, "Well, does any one want to find out who's running this car—if so, step up at once."

No one seemed to want to question him on the subject—not even two medical men in our compartment, who had doubtless spent many hours among scenes of blood and broken bones—so once again the casualty lists were saved a number of names that might so easily have been written thereon. Some one suggested a game of "pitch" and six of us voted for it, a little Jewish captain taking off the prizes according to the ancient custom of his race. The game broke up about midnight and we all retired—that is, we sat back further in our seats and between dosing and rubbing our eyes the night wore away.

LETTER OF DECEMBER TENTH, 1918

Trip to Paris and Nice

We woke up for the ninety-fifth and last time on the morning of our initial introduction to P. L. & M. "comforts"—a word used with reservations of such nature as would, if expressed over the wire, result in the removal of the phone the same day. My first thought was of cramped legs and aching neck but Cap took a middle course and announced his intention of going to the dining car as soon as possible.

After running our hands through our hair and hooking the top snap in our collars—or to put it another way—after we had completed our dressing, we struck out for points unknown but under suspicion just the same. With our ears to the ground, we followed the trail and arrived there safely. On our trains at home, one finds the "Eat Car" by sense of smell; here it's a case of hearing, and if one is too deaf to recognize that inimitable pop made as the cork leaves that confining neck, he is apt to starve to death—especially on a long journey.

These trains never stop for water, not even for the engine, and if Bryan were to make a trip on one of them and remain true to his teachings, he'd either have to duplicate the stunt so far credited to camels only or else carry an individual tank of grape juice with him as rations.

We had our tickets—oh, yes! they gave us tickets for the dining car and without one you are out of luck, for it is divided into services known as 1st, 2nd, 3rd, etc. We, of course, had the little pink stublets calling for 1st service—they saw to it that Cap got those for protective measures. Being wise, they knew upholstery would suffer if he had to wait for any other. This being Sunday I couldn't help but appreciate the sight of Cap going to "Services"—and going willingly—nay, more, eagerly. True, the gods worshipped were those of the ancient Romans, but still, Cap was at services nevertheless.

Omelets such as only the French can make—you know the kind that makes a chicken throw out its chest as it crosses the road—fried potatoes, butter, toast and coffee were all on the menu. Of course, we had 'em all and here let me say that if we missed ordering anything on any printed form handed us while at the table, it was due to an oversight which was unavoidable, due perhaps, to faulty printing or similar error.

As they had two more services to follow, we left the car finally and whatever else may be said of us, one thing remains beyond any question or doubt, we were always the first to enter and the last to leave. Between the services they lock the doors to enable the waitresses to clear the tables, reset them and check up to see who got the biggest tips. Whenever we drew a real comely lass Cap would insist that I buy her a set of furs or a diamond brooch, but by judicious juggling I never gave her any larger sum than would enable her to retire in five years if all travelers were equally generous.

The day passed slowly and so did the scenery—nothing is fast on these trains except the windows which seem to have been made to permit the entry of light only, air being taboo even with reference to the brake system. We managed to eat our mid-day repast, which differed little from the others—at least, not enough to give it space in a separate description here.

I will, however, lest I forget, say a word about the method of serving, since it differs from our “There’s what you get—eat it” system. You get your plates with about as much on 'em as Eva Tanguay has when she sings “I Don’t Care,” and when the chef calls “Time,” the waitresses start down the aisle with huge platters of food and by dexterously manipulating a spoon and fork—so held as to act as a pincers—place your allotment on your plate. Once in a while they make a mistake and make a return trip. These occasions are rare, however, as it is not often the chef makes a mistake on the wrong side of the ledger.

Wine and beer—in bottles—constitute the liquid portion. They have bottled water, too, but it’s a form of Vichy that, in itself, is sufficient to punish one for daring to disregard prevalent customs. One of the male attendants goes through the car with a cork-screw and removes the corks and these serve as his only means of checking the consumption—which, due to climatic conditions, is present in a noticeable degree (see Dr. Evan’s on “How to Keep Well”).

Cap had a knife with one of those little tendrils that sort of cling to anything like a cork and on more than one occasion Mr. Man was one cork shy on his final count. I’ll bet the auditing committee will have one great little time striking their next trial balance with a shortage of several bottles to puzzle them. The beer served is of a most exceptional quality—in fact, as good if not better than any made in the United States before Billy Sunday’s health got so bad he had to quit using it.

The rest of the day we sat and looked out of the windows at the changing scenery; in many instances stopping long enough to study a century plant and see it bloom twice before the engineer decided it was time to let a few more ounces of steam into the cylinders. Really, 'twas quite a novel experience and we found ourselves wondering if we could even hope to return as officers in the army since the old rule of retirement at the age of sixty is still in force.

“All things come to him who waits” and as Nice was waiting for us, we finally arrived there just as the shades of night were falling. In fact, most everything was falling there when we arrived except rain and prices—both of which were held up, the first temporarily, the second, like ourselves, continually.

We lined up to have our orders stamped and to tell our life history to the M. P.—our usual performance at every point as per General Orders Godknows-what—and, being the secretary, I had to fill out all forms for both of us—Cap

signing his name at the point indicated and kicking at the lot of writing he had to do. Some of the questions asked were quite personal and knowing a bit of Cap's early history (he used to talk in his sleep) I felt it quite incumbent on me to tell the truth—I only hope he may never see some of the statements he signed so hurriedly and with such bad grace.

Fortunately, there wasn't over a hundred or so A. E. F. men and five of our own U. S. girls to be registered, so we did not have to wait any longer than if there had been a thousand men there. About seven o'clock we were told that Nice lay before us—to go forth and satisfy our curiosity, et cetera, within its confines with no restrictions other than the few odd hundred or so of general orders covering our conduct as gentlemen and officers—by act of Congress if not otherwise.

We took a cab and began our triumphal journey to the Hotel Massena. The journey was made very quietly—you see, no one knew we were coming and so we avoided the rather troublesome experience of listening to blaring trumpets and cheering throngs. At the hotel we were greeted as long lost brethren—there hadn't been an American there for two whole days and the manager was just beginning to worry about having to pay one or two of the hired help out of his own pocket.

In registering, I once again had to write a biography and an autobiography. Both of these were duly signed and we were shown to our suite of rooms (we had one room and a bath but "suite" is what they called it and that is what we paid for). Tired is a poor word since it doesn't begin to tell you how we felt, and if Theda Bara had called us up to have dinner with her we would have sent our regrets—now, maybe you'll appreciate how we felt.

We did manage to get down to the hotel dining-room, however, and we were all alone for the whole meal. That may seem funny to you but they tell me that they haven't been able to convince the cook on duty that night that there wasn't a banquet of forty plates served. You see, being in the kitchen, his only way of judging was by the food consumed.

We went to bed early that night, though how we got there is still a mystery. All I recall is that I hoped morning might never come—to me eternal sleep held as little terror as an ice cream cone does to a kid of five on a hot day. Not even Cap's snores bothered me as I reigned King of Dreamland under those kivers that were just the thing needed to make all the world seem gay once more.

Just as I bought St. Louis to give you as a Christmas present, I heard the gentle (?) voice of my partner in crime inquiring if I had come to Nice to sleep or to see some of the country. If for the latter purpose, I'd better pile out, for it was most noon and, strange to say, he was hungry and wanted breakfast. The remark anent eating got me out quicker than anything else could have, for I knew every minute I delayed meant that many more francs—and my name wasn't Morgan or Rockefeller.

We advanced on the head waiter at once. This fellow mixed us a couple of Martinis that made us overlook many of his faults—such as his one-cylinder speed and the like. After we had looked at the wonderful carvings on the ceiling through the bottoms of those two little glasses we felt like saying once again, "Lord, it is good for us to be here." The French breakfast is quite a funny meal—"petite dejeuner" as they call it and it never consists of much besides dry bread and coffee. The question as to which tastes worse is as near solution as the question of whether Harry or Evelyn was the more crazy. Such a thing as a morning meal including onion omelets, Martinis, etc., knocks 'em stiff, but they manage to recover consciousness in time to make out the bill. Then it is the turn for the patron to go into a coma. When he recovers, about all he finds in his pockets are his keys.

We started out to explore the city via the most popular outdoor sport of the country—that of the promenade. This differs from our walking in that it is like the repair bills on a Ford—of almost unending duration. These people walk and walk and walk with no place in particular to go—they simply walk. So we joined them in this great little practice for we believe in the saying, “When in Rome, have an aroma.”

LETTER OF DECEMBER EIGHTEENTH, 1918

Trip to Nice

On the following morning we were up and dressed at an hour when only the rumble of homeward bound chariots of the Borden type are seen in Chi. I ventured forth to reconnoiter while Cap, being in charge of the main body of troops, remained behind to break camp, put out the camp fires and the hundred other odd jobs incident to moving a large army into Monte Carlo. As a scout, however, I failed miserably, for my instructions were, “To h—l with looking for the enemy—find breakfast,” and I had failed. No one in Nice ever heard or even read in fables of Pre-Historic France, of anyone eating at the un-godly hour of six A. M. and they couldn’t have been more surprised if Kaiser Bill himself had asked where two tired souls might revel amid a juicy onion omelet and its staff of toast and coffee.

When Cap finally emerged, I reported my failure from what I considered a safe enough handicap in distance to enable me to beat a cobble stone hurled toward me as he playfully indicated his pleasure at the news. But the march of the day before and its weary bivouac on the Mediterranean had changed his erstwhile ferocity and he meekly accepted my report—so meekly and sorrowfully that I was immediately filled with remorse at the thought that I had failed to kill the last bird who had fairly shouted “pas possible” at me when I asked him a question involving only a week’s work for a fair sized chicken farm.

So, we took ourselves sorrowfully onward searching every possible corner for some signs of a storekeeper who might have spent a bad night following a rare-bit, and in consequence, would have his store opened a bit in advance of the hour prescribed by religion, law and ancient custom. There may have been many such individuals in town but none with a fearless enough spirit to forego the pleasure of doing things as they had always been done and couldn’t be done otherwise. So, we returned to the street-car terminal sadder and hungrier men.

Arrived in our car, we found we had for companions, a few other American officers—mostly aviators—one or two 2nd Lieutenants and about sixteen of the men who really won the war—our doughboys. With them were a couple of Canadians and as I haven’t had time to study the different funny stunts that can be done with braid, I’m not sure whether these boys were mess sergeants or generals. That fact made no difference, however, for they were both regular fellows and when Cap found out that one of them came from his old home town, the stuff was off as far as the rest of us was concerned. It was a case of “Do you know so and so?” “Yes, of course, etc., etc.,” until they had gone all through their local directory from the A’s to the Z’s.

Now I’m most forgetting the other occupant of the car—which, if I did—I’d be guilty of as serious a crime as could have been laid against Shakespeare had he tried to write the “Merchant of Venice” and left out Shylock. In fact, the comparison is quite apt in more ways than one, now that I remember some of the things Bill made his leading character say. I only wish I could adequately describe Gregory—for that was his first name—to you. I don’t know what his last

name was, for he belonged to that type of individuals who get their first name to you in advance and somehow you never get over calling them by their first name ever after.

To go into details about him might be tiresome for it would necessarily include references to bacteriology and Darwinism. To briefly sum him up I'll tell you that he was a Greek, from Constantinople, born in England, living in France and working in Monaco. Nothing more need be said except that he hopes to come to Chi and have Cap back him for a day or so until he can return the favor so granted, by nonchalantly deeding over Evanston to "Robert Tinsley and his heir, forever"—and, if he ever gets off a train in Chi, he'll do just that and nothing less.

Just now, this little genius is busy acting as a guide. He asked us if we wanted to see all the beauties of Monaco, Menton and the Italian border, not to mention a good feed at noon, for twenty francs each. Of course, we did, and we paid him before he could change his mind. As it developed later, we could never have spent twenty francs more wisely, for not only did he fulfill all of his contract with us but he gave us the pleasure of seeing that which we never dreamed could be done—we actually saw him "gip" the natives. Not once, but on sundry occasions, though at times it was quite fortunate for him he had such a large body guard with him.

Once started, our car made excellent progress and the ride to Monaco taking, as it did, almost an hour and a half, was by far the most picturesque of anything it has ever been my pleasure to see. The line follows the coast and winds in and out of its horse-shoe curves so that you have a view at all times of the beautiful deep blue of the sea on your right, while to your left are innumerable beautifying villas of the "Uppah Foah Hundred" from all points of the globe. These villas and their surrounding grounds covered with palms and rose vines in full bloom make one realize that Burton Holmes isn't such a terrible liar after all, for they come right up to his colored photos and then some.

Aside from drinking in the scenery by gulps, the trip passed quite uneventfully, though at one time we all had slight hopes of seeing a real bout between friend Gregory in this corner and the Honorable Mr. Conductor in that corner. Gregory, however, by virtue of his almost cosmopolitan residences, managed to out-talk the faithful official of the road by ringing in a few phrases from several languages he had hid about him somewhere, and when a native here gets out-talked, he's through.

While speaking of road officials, I am reminded that I mustn't fail to remark on the wonderful supply of officials and their families these transportation lines support. Every crossing has its gate-keeper and his little cozy brick cottage furnished by the road, makes one wonder what sort of a palace a fireman gets, and the mind refuses to work at all when thoughts of Presidents of the road begin to run through it.

We arrived at Monaco at about eight-thirty. We were early for the reason we wanted to see the Casino which opens for play at ten o'clock and which is forbidden to any one in uniform after that hour. As we were unable to enter these portals through which many a dollar has gone never to return, until nine o'clock, we spent the extra thirty minutes in eating a ham sandwich and drinking a cup of coffee. We ordered a ham sandwich all right but Cap and I are still in doubt as to whether the thin transparent thing between the two heavy slices of war bread was ham or the stuff they feed to gold fish.

Then we went into the Casino. If I said we saw it and came out again I would be giving the subject just as much justice as if I devoted ten pages to it. It was simply wonderful—so wonderful that one actually forgets that all its grandeur

is but a monument to the suckers who came, who saw but failed to conquer as the little balls went spinning merrily on. In tapestry and furniture, art and painting, it just begins where all other spots of beauty in this old world of ours leave off and one could spend days in any one of its rooms lost in silent awe and admiration.

I wouldn't be surprised at all if we weren't the cause of many a heartache to the attendants who couldn't fail to be moved to inward tears at the sight of real Americans going out of reach with still a little loose change about them and I'm sure that had there been no stringent order prohibiting us from stopping at the cute little whirligigs on the tables, their sorrow would have changed to joy and then some.

From here we went over to the hotel, the name of which escapes me, but which was to the left of the Casino and in which Gregory informed us rooms could be had for only eighteen dollars a day. At that rate, Cap and I could have afforded to register only and at that we would have had to write fast. We saw the wonderful dining salon with its paintings and tapestries of princely value and where doubtless they charged as much for a toothpick as we formerly paid for a whole cord of wood in the good old days of the saw and saw buck.

Here were elevators which went up and down and sideways for they take you by an underground passage right into the gambling halls. A nice little plan that keeps milady from having any of the Mennen's blown off her shapely shoulders as she journeys from the last sip of her cordial to the home of the Cards and Roulette Wheels. Having noted two or three of the bell-hops looking at us in a sort of hungry way we decided that discretion was by far the better part of valor and forthwith betook ourselves outside, meanwhile listening to Gregory, who seemed to have a good idea of how the charges ran for various services in that particular hotel.

Once outside, Gregory told us a little history—he was long on history and aside from trying to give his historical narratives a personal aspect, we enjoyed his ramblings immensely. Among other things, he informed us that the Casino paid the Prince of Monaco seven million francs a year—paid all of the taxes in the principality, too—not bad at all for a nice quiet gambling joint, is it? He went into raptures then about the Prince—told us about his world travels, his wonder museum, which he would next show us. While we were immensely impressed as a matter of course, yet we felt that with seven million francs a year and no taxes to pay, we might become equally great and glorious with but slight effort.

The trip to the museum was made by street car and we were once more given a real treat by seeing another truly remarkable edifice, in which artists and labor had been allowed their freedom unhampered by any union leaders or ward healers, two pests that have spoiled so many of our American buildings. In the museum we saw so many things that we failed to remember any of them after we came out except as an integral part of a great collection and one worthy of the Prince's most cherished dreams.

In one room, the aquarium, there were numbers of glass cages with all kinds of things that swam, ranging from fish with heads like miniature horses all the way to ribbon snakes of all colors, glistening as they slid from out their rocky confines. More than once I caught Cap looking at me with a sort of frightened questioning look and if there had only been a good old Irish priest at the door with the usual blank forms, two more pledges would have been signed, I know.

Dinner came next and was served in a cozy little Italian restaurant run by a distant relative of Gregory's. It was quite a meal. Italian wine of the sort that left nothing to be desired except a nice quiet bed in which to lie until the floor stopped rolling, served to keep the company in excellent spirits and excellent spirits in the company.

Gregory, frugal soul ever, walked the party back to Monte Carlo and aside from saving a few centimes it was excellent judgment in other ways, for while the line was rather wavering at the beginning, it had worked off quite a little of the stuff that keeps Vendetta's alive, by the time it reached the top of the last hill. Our reason for returning to Monte Carlo was to see the gambling tables in operation—a sight given us from the doorway only which prohibited our pauperizing ourselves. Our visit was not as interesting as it might otherwise have been.

I forgot to say we had our photos taken while in the museum, this being done by one of the party. The background was a rostrum much the same type as is used by our Judges and which the majority were quite familiar with. This was in a large hall where the Prince tells his wonderful tales to admiring listeners on science bent, who listen for information and admire because they know how difficult it is to get away with lots of the stuff the Prince pulls on them, which savors keenly of fishy origin.

We had just viewed the spectacle of the "*Play*" and were about to "en-car" for Menton when Cap met a friend from Denver. From then on everything looked like the Middle West to him and to listen to his conversation, one would think he'd been born in the saddle and spent all his life at a round-up. This Denverite was going to a concert in the Casino's little private theatre and no sooner did Cap hear this than he switched his talk from browsing herds to Beethoven and Liszt—and I'll give him credit by saying he did himself proud on both subjects.

Of course, he would go to the concert—no Italian border line could lure him from satiating his soul's hunger for music. One might as well imagine trying to keep him on Wabash and Monroe listening to an Italian organ grinder when John McCormack was singing at the Auditorium. So, I resigned myself to fate and decided that Cap or no Cap I would make the trip to where I might see spagetti growing on its native heath. Before leaving, however, a few of us went over to the Carlton Hotel where we had received an invitation to call earlier in the day.

This invitation came from a real live American "Niggah"—and since he told us he had the where-with-all to mix up some real cocktails, we didn't have the heart to disappoint the dear old soul. We went and even now, the taste of those drinks, besides which even Nectar was like flat beer, lingers with a delightful persistency. I never thought I'd be championing the race for which Booker T. gave his best efforts, but if they fail to erect a statue to this Ethiopian marvel after the Peace Conference is over and the Statue Boards begin their work—then justice will indeed be thwarted and real values go unrewarded.

Bidding good-bye to Cap, the rest of us boarded the car and left for Menton. Once again we were treated to a coast-line view which is beyond description. The course of the trolley took us through numerous small tunnels and over ledges, where, if a wheel went off, the United States Government would be busy still paying out various ten-thousand-dollar policies, but fortunately for Uncle Sam and ourselves, we reached the end of the line with all present or accounted for.

Leaving the car, we found carriages awaiting us and in regal state we drove on and up into the mountains until we came to a little sign proclaiming that here ended all authority of his honor, the President of France and just on the other side the King of Italy began to issue orders and manifestoes. Our chariots did not cross the line, but we did and walked about three hundred feet or more into Italy. It certainly was a magnificent sight with the big mountains standing sentinel like all around and the air, the purest ever breathed by human beings.

Stretching away in the distance we could see the fields of garlic gently waving in the sunlight but our hopes of seeing spaghetti were doomed to failure, of course. After we had our fill of viewing Italian scenery, we recrossed the line, not

more than ten feet ahead of a lot of souvenir venders who had chartered a special train as soon as they learned that Americans had crossed the border. Our start, though small, enabled us to get to our carriage safely, and we drove away amid Italian cussing directed at the engineer who failed to get the would-be robbers on the scene on time.

Back to Menton we drove and arrived at the station where we took the train for Nice. It had been a great day and we were tired out physically and mentally—all but Gregory, who insisted on going from one compartment to another, waking us up and asking us if we were sure, absolutely sure, we had twenty francs' worth of fun and sight seeing. After we had assured him with tears of gratitude streaming down our faces that as a guide he had the world's record beaten a mile, we finally got him quiet and so slept soundly until our arrival in Nice. Cap had not returned but I felt no great amount of worry for to a man who goes crazy over music, missing a train is nothing.

LETTER OF DECEMBER THIRTIETH, 1918

Trip to Nice

The day of our departure from Nice arrived all too soon. After a ride in one of their sea-going hacks we arrived at the station so early we must have just missed the train of the day before, but as we were doing our best to get back without having to hoof it, for obvious reasons, we stayed right in that station until some of the attendants must have thought we were truly "green" when it came to "France" and had mistaken the place for a hotel.

Nothing exciting ever happens around a French depot—unless, by some unexplained reason, a train gets in on time, and as we knew by hearsay only of such incidents our time spent in waiting was long and tiresome. Cap, in particular, grew terribly restless, for there being no lunchroom in the building, his main method of passing time was "nit". I managed to keep him from biting holes in the furniture or interfering with some of the baggage smashers, who, by the way, are quite some institution over here. To see Alicia or Helen rustle a trunk isn't entirely devoid of interest as it would seem on first sight. On more than one occasion Cap bitterly deplored the fact he hadn't thought of taking his trunk along.

Suddenly everybody jumped to their feet, gestures and jabber went on at a mile a minute and general pandemonium was loose—a sign that the train for Paris would be in during the next half hour. You can hear these little robin toots of these miniature engines a mile or two away and as their speed averages about four miles per, you can readily understand why no one ever misses a train over here unless he is a sound sleeper and doesn't wake up as he lounges in the waiting room.

Having our tickets, we took a stroll and on our return had only a ten-minute wait before we boarded our car and started toward the place where Napoleon and a lot of other secrets are buried. This time we drew only one other American officer in our compartment and the remaining three places were occupied by natives. The trip was uneventful. Cap had no authority over any part of the rolling stock and time hung very heavy on his hands. He did a lot of athletic stunts, however, chief among which was hurdling the outstretched limbs of our Allies as he made a few sprints up and down the aisle going about seeking whom or what he might devour.

Two of our companions were old maids who were moving from Nice to some other point in France and were carrying all the usual equipment of a Division

with them. How they ever managed to get it all into one compartment is still a mystery, for really, one could not take a long breath after they had finally gotten settled. Not that one ever should take a long breath in a French train, but just as a comparison in the space left, was this simile used. If some inventive genius will only see that a suitable gas mask is made better than at present, for they don't even let the National Air get in one of these cars if it is possible to prevent it.

Sometime in the wee small hours, our two beautiful young maidens took themselves and their supply train out of our midst and almost immediately a venerable old man came in and proceeded to fill the space with his snores—there was lots of space but he filled it quite well. In fact, I think it overflowed once or twice, but having slept in a freight yard for nearly a year, the noise was rather conducive to that home-like feeling and so we slept on in tranquil serenity.

Our second arrival in Paris was made very quietly—we tried to sneak in for we felt there were enough enemies of the Anti-Tipping Law waiting for us without trying to attract the attention of one or two of the clan who might by accident pass us up. After we had satisfied the M. P. we were entitled to twenty-four hours in his delightful city—you see the M. P.'s own Paris and rule it with a rule that must make "Bony" himself turn over in his grave with envy—we started to find a taxi but none seemed to be available. We were just beginning to express our feelings on the subject of transportation when a kind hearted Frenchman came to our rescue with a suggestion. When it comes to giving things away gratis, you will never find a people quite equal to the French—that is, of course, with reference to suggestions. If you ever read of their generosity, always remember the form it never fails to take—that of absolute prodigality with suggestions.

This particular scion of this race of Suggestion Philanthropists told us we might have to wait an hour or two before one of these little demons that shatter all traffic regulations might be along. He had a silver lining to coat his cloud of gloom, however, and suggested we take a bus. He told us it would take us directly to our hotel and while the general outlook wasn't bad, it wasn't exactly over pleasant. But, to wait, with only a railroad station as a background was still worse, so we followed our self-appointed guide instead of our better judgment.

Tickets for a bus ride are tied on the telephone poles and you tear one of them off before getting aboard. Why they have them is yet a mystery unless it affords them an opportunity of checking up how many suckers bite—even if they do finally get off the hook before a landing is made. When we entered our bus it was quite filled and only two vacant seats up front seemed to be left. Thither we wended our way and depositing our grips in the aisle, settled down to enjoy the scenery as the engine worked. The act of depositing our grips in the aisle came near causing this stately conveyance spending a month or more in the repair garage, but on incidents as small as this the destinies of nations have oft been settled.

The conductoress of the bus was about as big as a minute, but as later events proved, she wasn't hampered as a conversationalist by lack of physical size. No sooner did her eye spy those grips of ours resting innocently in the aisle than she came down on us, or rather, came down on Cap, much after the manner of a woman scorned—and you recall the old saying about hell having no fury equal to that of such a creature.

All the French ever edited descended from her lips, its exit being expedited considerably by the absence of every second tooth. This permitted the flow to proceed quite fluently and fluidly. Luckily Cap had on his rain coat but had unfortunately left his ear protectors in Camp Merritt last January. He received this full broadside quite calmly until the exasperated female Jack Johnson took him violently by one of his manly shoulders and attempted to throw him out. Then,

as Dewey remarked at the Battle of Manila Bay, "Hell just naturally blew up." Our heroine finally gave up trying to shove the mountain over and left the car to get "her gang" or a "John Darm" or any kind of assistance for she had realized she had a real job on her hands. But, she had faith, and you know what the Good Book says about Faith and mountains. I know oodles of men on the Chicago police force who would have had to take a rear seat when compared to this wee bit of feline courage.

She hadn't left the car but a fraction of an instant before Cap hit the ground too, with me trailing behind. He'd be blankety blank blanked if any equally blanked bus line would ever haul him—even if they paid him to ride, etc. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a taxi appeared and after looking it over carefully to see that no Apaches were hidden about it, we told the thief at the wheel to take us to the Grand Hotel, not because it was the one we stopped at on our way South but rather because it sounds the same in either language and we figured we saved half our taxi bill by this means. You see, the minute you hail one of these cars the clock is shoved in gear and the driver tries to argue at least a couple of francs' worth with you over the question of where you want to go. The other stunt of driving you ten blocks out of your way is very common, so that here, as back home, it is truthfully said that "the taxi-way round is the longest way home."

We received a royal welcome at the Grand—you know what that means over here where the way they treat royalty is rather questionable. In short, we got soaked again and though we knew it we had progressed far enough in our education as tourists to know that to protest only served to increase the insult. We took our medicine and the key to our room like two good little boys and followed the great grandfather of the proprietor, who was paying for his keep by acting in the official capacity of bell-hop—though there was no bell and surely no hop.

After removing a few of the upper layers of our travel accumulations of French landscape we began to discuss dinner, or rather, lunch. The fact we stopped to discuss such a subject is quite suggestive. As a matter of fact, as exchequer, I was strongly in favor of living on love, for visions of walking to La Rochelle did not strike me as delightful. O'Leary is quite welcome to all honors as a pedestrian and I did not want to cause him any anxiety at that stage of the game.

Cap finally won out and we went to the old place where the basement offered such seclusion and such excellent meals. Our old waiter was on the job and welcomed us home with a smile that had in it a lot of happiness and a lot more of anticipation—the two component parts of all waiters' smiles.

In the afternoon we sauntered over to the Place de la Concord and looked over the collection of guns, airplanes and balloons that had been taken by the French, all of them bearing the "Made in Germany" trade mark. It was quite enjoyable walking among these iron dogs and canvas birds so recently active in the big doings and the enjoyment was increased by the fact they were silent for all time.

From viewing these actual proofs of victory we walked across the Seine to the Cathedral Notre Dame. It was growing dusk and our view was not what it might have been otherwise. Somehow I could not help but think how natural it would be for Victor Hugo's hunchback to come out of the belfry and the air seemed filled with memories of past ages long since dead and gone.

On our return to the hotel we bought tickets to the Casino—some well meaning person told us it was a real show for the T. B. M. and we expected a great deal. Naturally, we put in the regulation time eating once more and as we were in doubt as to whether there would be a dining car on the train for La Rochelle the next morning, we had a lunch put up for us, a list of which would be described in a military report thusly: "Rations—Eight men—Ten days."

At the Casino we ran into the biggest system of authorized tipping I have ever seen. Colossal is about the best descriptive adjective occurring to me at the moment. When I had generously bribed every attendant in the place I thought I could be excused for loosing my temper when the last usher kicked at the size of the offering. I blew right up and suggested among other things the advisability of the management and all the attaches there unto appertaining moving into the next door to the caldron reserved for "me und my seffen poys."

The show was very suggestive of the stuff we used to light our fire crackers with. If it had not been for an announcement at the end of the first act that the Kaiser had abdicated we would have felt our evening wasted. When that crowd heard that Bill had quit they went wild and the orchestra played the Marseillaise. I don't know why they overlooked playing "The Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save the King," but with some people it is always a case of "heads I win, tails you lose" and there's a lot of violets that aren't born to blush unseen in this neck of the woods.

From Paris to La Rochelle our trip held nothing of interest except that Cap talked with a French Major all the way. Neither could speak the other's language but they had a bottle of excellent wine and this served well as an interpreter. The lights of our camp looked like a Major-General's commission to us after the weary trip and we were glad to anchor in the old harbor once more. After our arrival home it took the Treasurer just two seconds flat to give the sum total of funds on hand and if it had not been for the centime system of currency, the split of balance between the party of the first part and the party of the second part would have constituted a real job.

REGIMENTAL ROSTER

THE following roster of the enlisted personnel of the regiment is as complete as the writer has been able to obtain.

The lists were prepared from old rosters of the various companies composing the unit, and we are very sorry that we have been unable to obtain rosters of two of the companies. The addresses of our men have not been listed for the reason that most of them will not be of value at this time.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Reg. Sergeants Major

Yandel, Arthur C.
Price, H. Leonard

Master Engineers, Sr. Gr.

Curtin, John J.
Griffy, Alva
Kaminski, Joseph
Loveland, Hiram F.
McPherson, George
Nitch, Peter
Olson, Mandius O.
Pearson, Walter M.
Perfater, Charles H.
Wassmer, George

Master Engineers, Jr. Gr.

Byrnes, Patrick J.
Falconer, Harold B.
Groves, Ralph L.
Haynes, Hugh P.
Hodge, Thomas W.
Lemon, Stanley
McDonald, Daniel S.
Murray, James T.
Powers, Stephen J.
Rahmgren, Fridolf H.
Shaughnessy, Frank J.
Smith, Glenn X.
Voelkering, John J.
Walton, Coates
Willard, Orville H.
Williams, William G.

Bat. Sergeant Major

Dennis, Otto C.

Sergeants, First Class

Hartigan, Arthur R.
Hazzard, Alford R.

Lemon, Stanley G.
Lodholz, Herbert A.
Macomber, Clifford H.
Shaw, Thomas W.
Spohn, Victor K.
Swartz, William K.

Sergeants

Colmer, Alfred C.
Delisle, Charles
Dougherty, Edward W.
Ferguson, William A.
Goyette, Fred L.
Hartman, Clarence W.
James, William A.
McCormick, Wallace H.
Moore, Donald H.
Nyquist, Arthur E.
Tucker, Alvin C.
Umphrey, Harry E.
Umsted, Harry T.
Wymer, Robert L.

Corporals

Grearson, Ray G.
Herbek, Charles M.
Lehman, Christian B.
Lloyd, Jim
Rowe, McKinley L.
Schulmann, Harry
Trego, Isaac R.

Band Leader

Fyfe, John

Assistant Band Leader

Thrasher, Ralph H.

Sergeant Bugler

Haupt, Grover O.

Band Sergeants

Johnson, James W.
Juliano, Dominick
Powless, Lyman W.
Shaffner, Clausen F.

Musicians, First Class

Berry, Floyd E.
Cobb, Renny M.
Daley, Vincent B.
DiPaola, Alessio
Dyche, Schubert R.
Kvavli, Carter H.

Band Corporals

Elli, Francesco
Jonet, William
Montgomery, William A.
Moore, Howard P.
Radabaugh, William A.
Roeder, Robert E.

Musicians, Second Class

Anna, Elwood
Bradley, Ora J.
Clemson, Ellwood B.
DiPasquale, Will
Hunsinger, Lawrence
Johnson, Neil E.
Larrivee, Jack J.
Morford, Oscar L.
Quinley, Henry
Smith, Wm. A.

Musicians, Third Class

Allebaugh, Robert J.
Clayton, Ray R.
Kirk, Edgar R.
Miller, Wayne A.

COMPANY NINETY-TWO

First Sergeant

Guthrie, Lauren F.

Sergeants, First Class

Landolt, Chas. E.
Schomberg, George R.

Supply Sergeant

Stern, Gustave E.

Mess Sergeant

Lehman, Robert F.

Sergeants

Allen, Edward B.
Ament, Elmer E.
Amberg, Ernest
Ault, Donald W.
Bell, Roger W.
Jones, Dan
McCarthy, Thomas
Mudge, Wm. W.
Rockel, Emanuel H.
Wallace, James H.

Corporals

Ashcraft, Buenie F.
Beebe, Fred
Brennan, John J.
Duvoli, James C.
Casey, James T.
Ferris, James C.
Galvin, Leo J.
Gundel, Frederick M.
Hamilton, Wm.
Hoppe, Paul J.
Kindelberger, Philip J.
Lieb, Louis A.
Miller, John E.
McCabe, Robert F.
O'Brien, Wm. J.
Rudd, John O. F.
Stehman, Elmer S.
Svoboda, Frank
Templeman, Willie
Cherrington, Austin E.

Mechanics

Bain, Fred A.
Becker, Arthur J.

Dvorak, Wm. J.
Gent, Lawrence H.
Ilgen, Chas. E.
Lewis, David
Maziasz, John J.

Cooks

Browne, Edward
Hanna, Leslie
Overtuff, John A.
Steffen, Henry
Wolf, George W.

Buglers

Schechtel, Joseph
Senibaldi, Lawrence R.

Privates, First Class

Barnes, Harold F.
Blum, Chas. M.
Dailey, Thos. H.
Dillon, George F.
Dillon, Jeremiah C.
Doherty, Franklin
Dowd, Thos. L.
Durbec, Henry C.
Elliott, Ellis McC.
Emerich, Frank W.
Farmer, Harley G.
Fley, George R.
Franks, Fred S.
Freeman, Wm. R.
Holloway, Arthur
Hamon, Wm. E.
Johnson, Carl G.
Kise, Paul R.
Lawinger, Lawrence V.
Lechnerm, John
Lyons, Richard A.
Mahoney, Patrick J.
Martin, Leslie L.
Maus, Harry E.
Meyer, Clement J.
Meckley, Harvey O.
Miller, Robt. A.
Miner, Chas. J.
McCarthy, Edmond A.
Norman, Joseph
Owens, Glenn M.
O'Hara, Clare R.
Panke, John M.
Pelton, Oscie R.

Rice, Roger Q.
Ritter, James E.
Shady, George
Smith, Roy B.
Stehling, Frank A.
Titachuck, Peter
Voltaggio, Frank
Whaley, Chas. W.
Yordy, Oscar

Privates

Anderson, Axel L.
Anderson, Carl G.
Anderson, Loranzy H.
Austin, Clarence
Badolato, Frank P.
Bailey, Wm. E.
Bauer, Jos.
Behrensmeyer, Alfred A.
Bellman, Harry E.
Belter, Leo H.
Bergman, Gotfred E.
Bishop, George F.
Blanchard, Edward J.
Blood, Fred H.
Boehm, Joseph
Bowman, Frank H.
Brukel, Wm.
Bryson, Wilbur
Burger, Wilford H.
Burns, Thos. B.
Calloway, Wm. T.
Camp, Howard C.
Cassey, Josephus
Charleston, Chas. W.
Clancy, John
Connelly, Mathew J.
Craig, Thos.
Crocket, David
Dachino, Leonardo
Dalesandro, Thos.
Davis, Ernest E.
Dennison, Wm.
Fannon, Thos. J.
Fay, Edw. F., Jr.
Fein, Samuel
Frank, Gaetano
Gibson, James
Greiner, Wm. E.
Hall, Joseph J.
Healy, Wm. F.
Hildreth, Clarence
Hoban, John P.

COMPANY NINETY-TWO (continued)

Privates (continued)

John, John F.
Jones, Russell
Kansig, Dominic
Karpowicz, Brunak
King, Patrick A.
Kinney, Harry W.
Kramer, Ed. G.
Krasowski, Willie
Kringe, John W.
Lewis, James S.
Lynch, Morton J.
Malear, Otis H.
Marzwake, Frank
Masley, Joseph
Mattack, Victor
Miller, Harry G.
Moser, Eugene J.
Mulford, Roy

McGrath, Peter J.
McHugh, Patrick J.
McWilliams, Thurman
Nyberg, John V.
Ogden, Harry C.
O'Toole, Michael
Perilli, Felice
Pratt, Albert
Pulverenti, Guiseppi
Rengman, Oscar
Riner, LeRoy
Ross, Chas. W.
Saive, Emil
Schlesinger, Guy E.
Schnorr, Carl W.
Schooley, Samuel C.
Shannon, James R.
Sherman, Julius
Skowronski, John

Stangreciak, Joseph S.
Strickland, Forrest
Sundbye, Chas. H.
Theiss, Russell E.
Thorn, Franklin F.
Tice, Lea C.
Van Vorst, John W.
Vinning, Willard
Wade, Peter A.
Walker, Clarence R.
Wastchak, John
Wasyle, John J.
White, Harvey
Wilbur, Harold W.
Wilson, John M.
Young, Harold A.
Young, Walter T.
Zarnuck, Wencel P.
Zwald, John H.

COMPANY NINETY-FOUR

First Sergeant

Manny, Clifford A.

Sergeants, First Class

Cavanaugh, John M.
Falconer, Harold B.

Supply Sergeant

Lebkicker, Edwin A.

Mess Sergeant

Bond, Albert

Sergeants

Adshead, Howard
Beightol, Eber S.
Burleigh, George
Carroll, David J.
Gleichert, John C.
Jackson, Arthur D.
Kaul, Harold
McClure, John E.
May, Wm. F.
Phillips, Ora J.
Schellenberger, Walter R.

Corporals

Baldick, Arthur
Cunningham, John M.
Cook, Isaac F.

Eldred, George E.

Friday, Boyd L.

Gentry, Luther B.

Goebel, August

Gordon, Leslie A.

Klug, Otto H. C.

Kressler, Amos C.

Ludwig, Otto J.

Mehan, Joseph J.

Polson, Geo. S.

Porter, Wm. A., Jr.

Queenan, Anthony J.

Roytek, Frank J.

Ryan, Wm. S.

Suydan, John F.

Wilson, Ora R.

Zajic, Joseph C.

Mechanics

Koons, Spergen R.

Minnick, Neil I.

Montgomery, Wm. A.

Oakes, John W.

Purdy, John J.

Rehbock, Geo. F.

Thomas, Earl E.

Cooks

Clark, Almon L.

Hatfield, Earl C.

Hauser, Alfred M.

Ranck, Thos. A.

Williams, Edward R.

Privates, First Class

Baldarosso, Filippo

Barton, James S.

Brandt, Simon N.

Bringenberg, Joseph

Brow, Joseph

Bryant, Fred H.

Cunningham, Joel W.

Cross, Linden

DeCamp, Irvin

Delles, Peter J.

Eby, John S.

Flucco, Alphonso

Fox, Claude

Frenzel, Arnold W.

Goforth, Chas. E.

Gross, Edw. N.

Hahn, Edw. C.

Hart, Lawrence J.

Hildebrand, Alphonse

Jarrett, Roy

Jenkins, Victor R.

Jones, Chas. A.

King, Fred L.

Krystofiak, Antoni

COMPANY NINETY-FOUR (continued)

Privates First Class (cont.)

LaBarre, Clayton
Lewis, Gus F.
Littleton, Henry F.
McDaniels, William W.
McMaster, Charlie L.
Martin, Harvey
Moland, Henry
Mulrine, Wm. J.
Murphy, Michael
Murray, Walter H.
Murrin, John B.
O'Connor, Joseph A.
Phelps, Earl V.
Potter, James W.
Rando, Angelo
Reger, Conrad
Reisterer, Frank J.
Roe, McKinley L.
Rommel, George W.
Sackett, Donman
Schoen, Gustav H.
Seagle, Daniel H.
Semelmacher, George M.
Sideras, Thos. N.
Smith, Warren L.
Spoons, Williams S.
Stark, Thos. M.
Strickland, John H.
Tillinghast, Edward T.
Tripp, Paul G.
White, Alfred
Wilvert, Wm. H.
Windsheimer, Wm. H.
Wolf, Paul M. S.
Wolfe, George W.
Woodcock, Frank G.
Wyman, Edward A.
Yodice, John B.

Privates

Abato, Nicholas
Adams, Claire A.
Adamus, Frank A.
Adley, Michael J.
Admanto, James V.
Allred, Archie M.
Anderson, Charles
Arrigo, Frank
Aubonizio, Guiseppe
Bachman, Azalia E.
Baker, Richard G.

Barrett, Frank R.
Bauers, Charles W.
Bean, Harold M.
Beatty, James R.
Benner, Wm. M.
Bennethum, Wm. J.
Beissel, Earl H.
Bicksza, Stanley J.
Billings, John P.
Brady, Robert E.
Brandon, Wm. C.
Braud, Sabin H.
Briggs, Joseph H.
Brusco, Giuseppe
Burns, Robert E.
Butler, Joseph S.
Chambers, Wm. C.
Chellino, Anthony C.
Collins, John J.
Compton, Isaac
Coppie, Sabin C.
Cowling, Alva R.
Dalzell, Robert S.
Desmond, Harry P.
Dogona, Nicholas
Donaghy, Wm. J.
Eller, Will
Evans, Earl E.
Eversfield, Chas. P.
Fassullo, Joseph J.
Fayette, Vincent M.
Fenstermacher, W. D.
Fleetham, Wm. G.
Foley, Edward G.
Freeman, Eugene J.
Fries, Ernest P.
Gorham, Alfred L.
Gosciensky, Stanley
Gresham, Wm. D.
Hall, Arthur T.
Harold, John P.
Hollis, Brack
Hughey, Elmer
Jones, Thos. L.
Keane, Henry J.
Kennedy, George W.
Lanter, Herbert B.
Lathim, Walter L.
Lattanzi, Querino
Leitsch, John J.
Lenoci, John
Leonard, Adam C.

Lisiecki, Frank
Loyd, Oscar F.
McDowell, James E.
McGowen, Burney
McGuinn, Wm. J.
McNally, Joseph E.
Magdalena, Adolphus S.
Marshall, Gust. P.
Martin, Edward P.
Miller, Christopher E.
Masche, Wm. H.
Massesa, Samuel H.
Meenen, August
Moore, Perry E.
Moorman, Robert S.
Muckenfuss, Chas. E.
Muscovitch, Stanley
Norwood, Fred
Owens, Patrick F.
Pendleton, Walter T.
Pettit, Martin S.
Price, Cornelius H.
Powell, George F.
Quinn, Neil C.
Rendon, Luis S.
Rockenstein, Edward J.
Rogers, Ivan B.
Roth, Daniel R.
Rowe, Lloyd O.
Rowney, Robert
Saccone, Domenico
Satterfield, Hubert W.
Savage, Edward H.
Scott, Leslie
Schuck, Wm.
Scullion, William
Serenio, Joseph
Shiels, James L.
Shoffner, Joseph
Skrotcki, Alexander
Smith, Edwin A.
Smith, Frank W.
Stephenson, Connie E.
Strashunski, Murgis
Sullivan, Arthur H.
Walker, Robert D.
Washinski, John
Wertz, Andrew J.
Weyersmiller, John
Wilson, Thomas
Yeoman, Clyde E.
Zimmerman, Herman F.

COMPANY NINETY-SIX

First Sergeant
Custer, Lloyd

Sergeants, First Class
Beatty, James C.
Drummond, John E. H.
McHenry, Clarence R.
Marynus, Casimir A.

Mess Sergeant
Bedford, William A.

Supply Sergeant
Stark, Henry L. R.

Sergeants
Chinz, Frank
Connelly, Thomas B.
Dickson, Wm. E.
Higginson, Charles
Jensen, Chris T.
Mehring, Burnard A.
Peters, Simon F.
Roper, Roy P.
Sanborn, Earl L.
Spinner, Frank X.

Corporals
Budge, James
Davis, Thomas E.
Beaudette, Paul R.
Driesbach, Claude C.
Etnoyer, Russell J.
Evans, Willard D.
Harty, Claude
Lively, Sam
Malski, Frank J.
McMillan, Leslie G.
Murdock, Richard L.
Napgezek, William A.
Parker, Raymond E.
Rymer, William
Wiebke, Fred
Johnson, Bert A.
Minninger, Vernon

Mechanics
Brownfield, Roy A.
Favorite, Paul S.
Drennon, John R.
Grove, William F.
Johnson, John S.

Rose, Ralph
Wallace, William E.

Cooks
Bohl, Norman J.
Holland, James W.
Engels, Charles
Peters, Christie T.

Privates, First Class
Anderson, Burton M.
Avey, Ralph D.
Brown, Wm. D.
Budzinski, John C.
Bunce, Wm. P.
Burger, Wesley R.
Burkhart, Harold C.
Cummings, James
Danielson, George
Davis, Wm. M.
Deschiavo, Antonio
Dowdle, Samuel D.
Ellis, Orman
Fultz, John M.
Galbraith, John M.
Gawryczsak, Benny
Gurnett, John G.
Giles, Frank H.
Girralamo, Carssara
Gustavson, John O.
Hawes, Glenn A.
Hoehnen, Eugene L.
Holtz, Arthur C.
Holtte, Harry M.
Hudgens, Fletcher A.
Hudgens, Joseph B.
Jarmolinski, Anton
Jones, Wm. A.
Kashubara, George
Kimball, George W.
Kuemmerle, Carl
Lund, Arvid C.
Mallmann, Arthur O.
Perks, Wm. B.
Pittinger, Cleo. M.
Purtee, Arthur W.
Ross, Charles D.
Roth, John E.
Schroder, Edward H.
Schroder, Fred C.
Schultz, Fred W.
Schwanke, Harry

Scruggs, Daniel J.
Steeckel, John D.
Thoma, Emil H.
White, Marton
Wnukowski, Joseph J.
Ziesmer, Arthur S.

Privates

Bachman, Nevin R.
Baker, Franklin W.
Barton, Frank L.
Beach, Russell R.
Beals, Orville L.
Billow, Pete
Bishman, Irwin E.
Bluso, Sam
Cameron, Luther
Cattano, Ben.
Chasteen, Gordon L.
Cox, Earl J.
DeBerry, Leyon
DeCreek, Henry
Donohue, Basil C.
Dunfee, Silas B.
Ficke, Joseph
Forkey, Edward E.
Foss, John
Gibson, Ray D.
Glesner, Joseph Z.
Greer, Vern
Gunn, Cecil C.
Harty, Wm. R.
Jennings, Joseph
Knuettel, Alfred
Knutn, Rudolph H.
Kraehenbuehl, Fred W.
Lemberger, Edward C.
Mason, Palmer H.
Messel, Adolph
Meyers, Wm.
Meyers, Charles
Nelson, Harry K.
Nock, Bert H.
Pollock, Wilmer E.
Radina, Egbert
Ricelli, Giovanni
Russell, Albert
Scherbarth, Adelbert
Schultz, Wm. F.
Sharrer, Howard
Sim, Raymond R.
Smith, Elmer C.

COMPANY NINETY-SIX (continued)

Privates (continued)

Spagnola, James
Spurling, Walter
Starr, Charles
Stileti, Guiseppe
Sutts, Frank W.
Swing, Arthur E.
Taubert, August
Uleski, Anton F.
Wilkins, Roy H.
Wilkie, Emery
Williford, Charlie J.
Wilson, Linval A., Jr.
Zolinski, Antony J.
Dearolf, Abram
Aumann, Lewis
Couillard, Bertram H.
Creighton, John T.

Crocker, Keneth C.
Crowell, Arthur T.
Crunk, Henry J.
Currey, Jesse E.
Daley, Francis L.
Danner, Edmond J.
Degnan, Wm. F.
Dowling, Benjamin F.
Eades, Roy A.
Eckley, Jackson
Eleazer, Robert F.
Ericson, Arvid T.
Eskew, Mays H.
Hart, Flepinely
Jones, Clyde L.
Kennemur, DeWitt
Johnson, John W.
Krohn, Henry O.

Lamont, Henry
Markay, Wm.
Miller, Isadore
Mullen, Robert E.
Poulin, Alfred J.
Reynolds, Frank J.
Robideau, Rudolph
Rogers, Wm. B.
Rowletti, Warren M.
Solberg, Tom
White, Allen L.
Hartley, Charles
Harvey, John M.
Franceslia, John
Hoffman, Arthur P. H.
Desmond, Thomas J.
Duncan, James F.
Duggan, John

COMPANY NINETY-SEVEN

First Sergeant

Bryan, Walter

Sergeants, First Class

Boeshar, Frank E.
Brake, Earl H.
Dubendorf, Claude
Mund, Arthur
Auchenbach, Geo. W.

Sergeants

Braniger, Charles W.
Baumbach, Leroy W.
Cooke, Gordon P.
Graves, John R.
Houser, Walter
Hess, Edwin B.
Killian, John J.
Mancini, Eugene
Parkinson, Frank J.
Robertson, John
Steinkraus, Frank A.
Treichler, Daniel D.
Uram, Mike

Corporals

Aderholt, Harry W.
Bonde, Nicholas
Bower, Frank N.
Garren, Frank J.

Guetchlich, Arthur
George, Michael W.
Hirzel, Herman
Kirsch, Harry H.
Lemon, Wm. K.
Lowes, George
Mott, Robert E.
Okon, Marcel
Prendergast, Ralph
Pearson, Clarence O.
Smith, Chester
Swain, Richard D.
Shopf, Chester
Seip, John G.
Sykes, Harry N.

Mechanics

Arndt, John C.
Christensen, Louis
Foltz, Harry
Overdeer, Frank H.
Zetterberg, Carl A.

Cooks

Flemming, Robert E.
Lange, Alfred
Rhan, Thomas
Richards, Earl A.

Privates

Aaron, Andrew

Abrams, Melvin
Anderson, Larry L.
Andreaskes, John
Bloxham, Norman B.
Benscoter, John A.
Bottini, Sebastiano
Boyer, Robert E.
Bolen, Felix
Bryan, Walter G.
Blackwell, Roland
Bachmann, John L.
Bradford, Samuel J. L.
Balcarek, Mike
Bader, John H.
Connelly, Paul
Crawley, Frank E.
Coale, Ellis J.
Cipriani, Domenick
Campbell, Dean H.
Chambers, Charles
Cannon, Michael J.
Dulsky, Kazimer
Dmitruk, Jacob
Devins, John J.
Detty, Elmer
DeKraker, James
Daniels, Harry B.
Dae-English, Harry
Davis, Charles E.
Doolan, Peter

COMPANY NINETY-SEVEN (continued)

Privates (continued)

Dowling, Wm. L.	Judd, Harold B.	Post, Chester
Evans, Elijah H.	Jaminos, Pater	Parbst, Max O.
Ehrisman, Clifford	Krzeszowski, Bernard	Phillips, James B.
Estep, Jasper J.	Korff, William	Parkes, Wm. E.
Fry, Charles C.	Koehler, Emil H.	Reuss, Frederick
Fox, Russell	Korzen, Cazimer	Ream, Harvey A.
Fornero, Peter	Kelby, George F.	Rhodes, Wm. C.
Franz, Herbert J.	Kraynick, John J.	Roberts, Earl C.
Fosnough, Lumouné	Koehler, Fred W.	Rogahn, Helmuth
Grove, Archie	Latini, Frank	Rowland, Henry C.
Gilmore, Robert	Lebo, Walter H.	Rockefeller, Harold
Gryn, Lewis	Leeney, Edmond J.	Russell, Robert
Gribble, Irvin J.	Leiby, Clark	Smetts, Clarence
Graffius, Homer B.	Lyons, Ward C.	Schmidle, Charles
Goebel, Wm. D.	Lustig, Morris	Sarsfield, James A.
Gumorowski, Joseph	Lamb, George	Stevenson, Thomas H.
Groll, Wm. C.	Landefeld, Benjamin	Schults, Henry E.
Gudas, James	Langenberger, Claud	Shrago, Abraham
Hines, Chester	Leonhard, Warren E.	Savage, William
Hoffman, Samuel R.	McCabe, John F.	Shetenhelm, Francis
Hakes, Hugh L.	Morin, Oswald A.	Schick, Frederick
Hill, Clarence P.	Martinkevich, Jos.	Schilling, William
Howell, Roy E.	Mowbray, Warren B.	Seely, Clarence
Hopper, Jesse G.	Mosier, David	Simsites, John
Harle, Thomas D.	Mollenshott, Wm.	Schmidt, Walter C.
Harris, Robert F.	Minnick, Lester	Tischner, John P.
Hare, Claude	McDonough, Edward	Tucci, Amandio
Hedding, Oscar	McCullough, Frank	Thomas, David D.
Haask, Wm. F.	Nitloszswaki, Wactaw	Tritapoe, Charles
Hiatt, Charles	Marlino, Frank	Ulrich, Leo F.
Harter, Leo S.	Mephram, Lloyd C.	Vitullo, Edward
Heiser, Frank R.	Mather, Ferdinand S.	Vogel, Edwin
Hill, Jim	Markert, Walter C.	Ware, Claude E.
Hanley, Thomas J.	Murphy, John P.	Wasewske, David
Higgs, Wm. E.	Neisner, Frank R.	Weitzel, John H.
Irven, Fred	Neagle, Ellwood T.	Watterson, Lyle W.
Ivey, Kelso	Norling, Milder S.	Weyres, Thomas L.
Johnson, Alfred	Nardicchia, Silenzio	Wilcox, Irvin W.
Johnson, Oscar R.	O'Malley, James J.	Wood, Eugene
Johnson, Reuben L.	Oidne, Henry J.	Weber, Henry
Johnson, August F.	Oliver, Marshall S.	Woods, John
Johnson, Cassius L.	Oosterheert, Martin	Wilse, Willie H.
Jones, George D.	Oyler, Francis M.	Zibell, Arthur R.
	Prendergast, Thos. E.	Ziems, Herbert H.

COMPANY NINETY-EIGHT

First Sergeant

Hudson, John F.

Sergeants, First Class

Ent, Frank F.

Anderson, Arthur

Supply Sergeant

Heartfield, James R.

Sergeants

Fleming, John

Gain, Frank

Orr, John

Duffey, Michael

Burns, Frankie E.

Shaffer, David L.

Rowland, Clarence

Jaeger, Albert

COMPANY NINETY-EIGHT (continued)

Sergeants (continued)

Hayes, Charles W.
Foraker, Edward
Robinson, Walter

Corporals

Speicher, Grover C.
Borzewski, Wladyslaw
Bushy, Harold E.
Hoit, Clarence G.
Harper, Robert J.
Nowark, Fred W.
McGoogan, George E.
Crawford, Alonzo J.
McCarthy, Bartholomew
Vaughn, Thurman
Wright, Charles R.
Ent, Edwin A.
Murtha, James F., Jr.
Holmgrain, Eric O.
Appenzeller, Edward
Dunn, John W.
Gower, Clinton H.
Larson, Ingwald
Shirley, Louis G.
Thomas, John F.
Weller, Roy H.

Cooks

Okeson, Frank
Williams, Glenn
Dennis, Floyd I.
Schanel, Frank
McLaory, William R.

Mechanics

Abney, Ottawa
Allen, Claude W.
Horn, Amos L.
Kitt, John E.
Loyd, Asa R.
Weishaar, William P.
Workman, Edward

Privates, First Class

Barker, Arthur J.
Beirne, George
Candelaria, Nicholas
Caniff, Charles T.
Casalino, Michael
Drake, John
Eisenhauer, Clarence

Featherstone, Joseph
Firenze, Domenico
Grunow, Henry C.
Harame, Haralampos
Heck, Otto C.
Hiltebrand, Charles
Locke, St. Clair, L. E.
Mack, John F.
McKane, William L.
Malandrinos, Louis
Marshall, Floyd E.
Mattis, Stanley S.
Lattner, William L.
Mayberry, Joseph
Meagher, Walter L.
Newell, Clarence A.
Olsen, Svend E.
Patton, Howard J.
Petrie, Harrison M.
Piasecki, John
Powers, Joseph J.
Primiano, Antonio
Remal, Edwin
Reynolds, Joseph C.
Rosenbaum, William
Sargent, John A.
Schlegel, William F.
Shively, Seeger J.
Shunk, George
Slack, Luther
Stephenson, Alfred L.
Stevenson, Robert L.
Stinson, Elmer A.
Sweeney, William
Swords, Harry
Tilton, Harry B.
Tuttle, Lisle W.
Vaught, Ollie F.
Ware, Frank
Wier, Herbert B.
Williams, Edward F.
Wilson, William
Yeiter, Frank

Privates

Barlow, Richard
Boghosian, Hayg G.
Branham, John T.
Burns, William J.
Bruno, Sam
Carbonare, Alfonso
Carew, Clement J.
Casareto, Anthony

Cassidy, Charles P.
Cavolieri, Vincenzo
Cottrell, Jay
Davies, George W.
Davis, Samuel O.
Cecuir, Laurent J.
Donnelly, James P.
Dunn, Herbert R.
Eberl, Louis W.
Elsea, Carl L.
Fisher, Frederick E.
Gray, Harry J.
Breen, Cassius D.
Greenazzo, Manuel
Herrington, John E.
Herzog, Joseph
Himmelreich, Gustav
Hinkel, Fred
Hirschey, Noie
Holland, Hubert G.
Houser, Russell O.
Huhn, Leo J.
Hulbert, Fred
Irving, Thomas G.
Ivy, Wilson E.
Jacob, Adam W.
Jacobs, Keefer G.
Jalaka, John
James, Samuel C.
Jankowski, Stanley
Jarowski, Joe
Jensen, Scerre B.
Johnson, Theodore
Jones, Allee T.
Jordan, Leslie A.
Juszkowski, Michael
Karl, Frank F.
Kirkland, Joseph S.
Knutson, Gilbert
Kramer, Frederick
Krostad, Iver
Ladd, Arthur W.
Laskowski, Anthony W.
Louck, Glen J.
Mahan, William H.
Matson, John R.
Mathes, Herman
Mattis, Thomas F.
Messenger, Courtland
Michetti, Emidio
Miller, Charles
Mokszanowski, Anton

COMPANY NINETY-EIGHT (continued)

Privates (continued)

Monroe, Speed
Montgomery, Walter
Morrison, John
Mulholland, John
Olson, Victor L.
O'Shea, Wm.
Peeler, George A.
Puckridge, Charlton
Ratcliff, Howard C.

Riley, James
Ross, Joe
Schott, Carl C.
Skulitz, Paul
Slater, Carroll
Smith, Joseph F.
Smith, Knoxeard
Socoski, John
Squire, Jesse F.
Stolarski, Raymond

Swanson, Edward
Timblin, Chris I.
Tracey, Michael F.
Trump, Daniel G.
Walker, Richard
Walsh, John T.
Webb, Owen C.
Wheeler, Walter J.
Wisniewski, Franciszek
Zumhofe, Henry R.

COMPANY NINETY-NINE

First Sergeant

Gilliatt, Arthur B.

Sergeants, First Class

Bowyer, Quincy R.
Steeger, Harry L.
Harlow, Roland A.
Miller, Neilson E.

Mess Sergeant

Plants, George H.

Sergeants

Burd, Harry F.
Renne, Carl D.
White, Harrison L.
Morse, Fletcher L.
Kelly, Michael J.
Alexander, Harvey S.
Becker, Wm. J.
Kernan, John L.
Hurte, William S.
Andryski, Joseph P.
Krider, David F.
Goldsmith, Vincett E.
McGraw, Byron H.
Miller, Grover C.
Williams, Harold S.
Baumann, Robert J.
Boring, Charles V.
Collins, Ora
Ellison, John
Huston, Harry M.
Lewellen, Vance D.
Lundin, Leter O.
Puff, Charles H.
Wade, Charles C.
Collins, Herbert

Rau, Charles
Schmidt, Paul
Strindlund, Lawrence J.
Kneeland, Anderson L.
Pickle, Dan E.
Harley, John A.
Clay, Fred
Jaspers, John E.
Miller, William
Spieth, Fred J.

Cooks

Yount, Samuel H.
Costelo, John F.
Elg, Oscar R.
Kittel, Frank J.

Mechanics

Kohnen, John
Mooney, Jake
Morgan, Browder L.
Robinson, Albert J.
Reed, Le Roy F.
Ridge, George B.

Privates

Ahmann, John J.
Ames, Edward
Aniszweski, Theo. J.
Beall, Harry V.
Bostian, Morris
Bozarth, Sheridan M.
Cameron, Chester M.
Carragher, Henry P.
Chester, Charles E.
Collins, Peter J. J.
Danes, Harry H.
Donahue, Joseph G.
Dow, Norman

Dressell, Charles C.
Droste, Julius H.
Egan, Mathew S.
Gibson, Overton M.
Graft, Louis A.
Harrison, Elbert L.
Henry, Walter A.
Hewitt, John
Hill, William
Holle, Frank J.
Isenthall, William A.
Israel, Wesley C.
Johnson, Richard G. P.
Kasten, Elmer A.
Klein, Albert E.
Leber, Andrew
Lewis, Walter E.
Lowe, Arthur L.
Lusha, Charles A.
Markland, Merl
Milburn, Jessie V.
Moon, Ralph H.
Nance, Frank D.
Notter, Joseph G.
O'Brien, Henry T.
O'Malley, Joseph J.
Pitman, Ralph C.
Poletto, Joseph F.
Poole, Charles M.
Purdy, Bert
Reisweber, Alexander
Roofner, George
Rowland, Chester A.
Schmeider, Albert H.
Sellers, Roy
Snider, Basil
Spencer, William R.
Snoddy, Clarence L.

COMPANY NINETY-NINE (continued)

Privates (continued)

Strain, Harvey E.
Tyson, Harry A.
Ward, Fay W.
Wilson, Harry M.
Wilson, Kinnie
Winstead, Guy
Alexander, Leo E.
Ambra, Pasquale
Attridge, Earl W.
Austin, Alfred L.
Baker, Joseph J.
Beall, Fred
Beers, Rufus H.
Bobal, John J., Jr.
Carroll, Ted
Catuccy, Frank
Caugle, William J.
Conner, Paul E.
Copping, George W.
Craine, Charles T.
Dallerup, Benjamin
Davis, Elmer L.
De Altom, Frank
De Voss, William D.
Dollis, George B.
Fightmaster, Ray
Graczyk, Joseph W.
Green, Thomas F.
Grurenski, Frank

Hillmeyer, John W.
Holgren, Carl A.
Holst, Peter
Jendrychowski, Jos. H.
Johnson, Gustav
Johnson, Hallie W.
Johnson, Percy W.
Johnson, William
Kleeen, John T.
Knapp, George C.
Kuczman, Fedore
Kuykendall, Walter C.
Lauth, George W.
Leisure, Albert H.
Leonard, Andrew
Lowther, John L.
Lukaszewski, Leo L.
McCoy, Lawrence
McDonnell, Bernard J.
McGlynn, Patrick J.
McLanahan, Roy C.
McLochlin, Cornelius E.
Mamovich, Mike
Maragos, George S.
Marshall, Joshua
Maynor, Horace R.
Might, Calvin T.
Miller, Roscie E.
Mitchell, Frank D.
Monague, John T.

Murphy, Michael B.
Nelson, John N.
Osborne, Roddie S.
Oetkin, Walter
Olefson, John A.
Payton, Hugh G.
Pfeffer, John C.
Pursel, Hoyt T.
Purcell, John J.
Randall, Herbert W.
Reuter, Arthur J.
Richman, Julius G.
Riddell, James A.
Ronkainen, William
Ross, William C.
Savage, Daniel F.
Schirmer, Walter
Seaney, Thomas Le R.
Seitzer, Charles J.
Sielicki, Joseph
Smolen, Andrew
Solecki, John
Stach, John J.
Stiffler, Harry D.
Toffloetto, Fernandino
Tribbett, Ralph S.
Wineki, John
Winder, Frank F.
Wool, Eugene H.
Woloscka, Sawa

COMPANY ONE HUNDRED

First Sergeant

O'Leary, Frank J.

Sergeants, First Class

Ohman, Edward C.
Koch, John
Haygood, James W.
Hart, Bert M.

Sergeants

Bubb, William L.
Coffey, Mathew J.
Campbell, Jesse S.
Chapin, Philip P.
Carbery, Paul I.
Early, Paul R.
Erne, Jacob
Guenthart, Adolph

Gilmore, William V.
Howlett, Harry R.
McCabe, Bernard F.
Mount, Sherman H.
Quaite, David D.

Corporals

Agnost, Simeon
Bachlund, Elmer J.
Brumbaugh, Charles J.
Canty, William J.
Carey, Raymond L.
Christensen, Charles
Dalrymple, Chas.
Dulaney, Fred W.
Donovan, Frank W.
Eberhardt, Albert W.
Johnson, Everett J.
Leonard, William F.

McKeever, Carl D.
Morrisey, John J.
Peterson, Nels O.
Peterson, Carl
Robedee, George W.
Ramey, Eric W.
Williams, Robert G.

Bugler

Ruffolo, Peter

Mechanics

Auker, Carl S.
Anderson, Wm. H.
Burns, Thomas M.
Bierwirth, Richard E.
Koch, William C.
McCort, Joseph

COMPANY ONE HUNDRED (continued)

Cooks

Hill, Harry
Kutam, John
Markham, Russell M.
Schraml, Joseph W.
Schweizer, Frederick

Privates, First Class

Aglista, Peter
Baker, Wesley
Bates, George L.
Bartels, Charles W.
Berg, Charles
Bennett, John
Brundage, Freeling J.
Bilancioni, Secondo
Brobst, Frank M.
Bertoldo, Angelo
Brotherson, James N.
Bruegger, Clyde
Busby, Fred C.
Cope, Harold R.
Chapman, Harold R.
Caley, Walter T.
Costello, John J.
Crout, Sidney
Cousins, Joseph
Connors, Lawrence
Coffey, Michael J.
Cornelius, Edward N.
Cronin, Charles B.
Coughlin, Arthur
Douglas, Charles E.
Davis, DeWitt T.
David, Frank F.
Donlan, Anthony P.
Darfler, Albert G.
Delphy, Joseph J.
DePan, Michael C.
DeGroff, Grover C.
Edwards, Andrew A.
Ege, Alphons N.
Fry, Raymond E.
Fleming, George
Fern, Thomas
Freddrick,
Finnan, John J.
Faber, William A.
Findholt, Harold
Geffken, Frank L.
Gluthorski, John
Gerken, John F.
Grinwis, Cornelius

Gilmore, Lansing J.
Hale, George W.
Hyder, William F.
Hughes, J. I.

Privates

Haechak, Michael
Hopkins, Hubert
Hayden, William E.
Harvey, Virgil L.
Helfen, Andrew A.
Hettler, Arthur
Havens, David A. S.
Hippel, Alfred H.
Hurwitz, James
Jacobson, Eric I
Jaycox, John T.
Kopf, Fred
Krommendyk, Henry
King, Gilbert
Laydon, Daniel
Lauermann, John W.
Litchfield, James D.
Litzberg, George W.
Lubey, John F.
Leaver, Otto C.
Machoj, Anthony
Meyer, Frederick C.
Moreland, Price
Mionskowasi, Rudolph L.
McGrann, Harry J.
Moore, Robert A.
McAninch, Fred
Misiak, John
Miller, Otto H.
Marlin, S. S.
Morgan, Frank L.
Martin, John P.
McIntyre, Edison A.
Murray, John M.
McLean, Archie E.
Northrup, Don E.
Nadeau, Russell E.
Newell, Thomas
Oglesby, Bob P.
Odintale, Odorizio
Pacanowski, Joseph
Powell, William H.
Paulson, Alvin W.
Phillips, Forrest B.
Peterson, A. E. C.
Portner, Leon H.
Pelkey, Freddie

Roth, Harold
Roseberf, Harry A.
Rohde, William
Setters, Pearly W.
Setzer, Claude T.
Shearer, Guy
Scavo, Phillip M.
Stampone, Don
Stolarski, John
Stevens, B. E.
Skowren, Marion
Senksbiel, Edward J.
Stevens, Walter T.
Swanson, Phillip G.
Stine, George R.
Smith, Silas B.
Sullivan, James N.
Sollis, Leslie C.
Sivley, Verlin
Sands, Harry
Stowers, Kelly M.
Stevens, James W.
Szczeniak, John
Thomas, Peter A.
Teney, Benjamin H.
Talley, John C.
Tufts, Clarence S.
Townsend, Wesley
Utsinger, Earl J.
Ulmer, Frank A.
Vaughn, Ralph J.
Valenchenko, John
Vahle, George
Van Zelst, Theodore W.
Verwys, John
Weddle, Harry
Wise, Henry B.
Wavering, Albert J.
Weaver, Lawrence A.
Wyman, Dan M.
Wood, William
Wood, Raymond
Waddington, Glenn G.
Wunnenberg, Vernon W.
White, Earl
Wild, Edward J.
Witulski, Stephen
Wiebel, Fred H. W.
Walsh, Anthony C.
Weening, Samuel
Wenzel, Ira
Young, Howard
Yeich, Sam

COMPANY ONE HUNDRED AND ONE

Abbott, Roy W.	Dadds, Edgar W.	Hooker, Bartlett F.
Adams, Leving W.	Dicus, Charles C.	Hopper, Tommie A.
Adams, Russell	DeLucce, Giovanni	Houser, Ollie M.
Allen, Robert C.	Dixon, Joseph	Howard, William D.
Andrews, Charles T.	Dorsey, John J.	Hubbell, Clem J.
Anglum, Michael	Doyle, Walter J.	Hughes, Edward
Arnell, Alfred L.	Drake, Thomas B.	Hunter, Ray
Averill, Seward E.	Drish, Joseph	Jackson, Oakle A.
Baker, Garland L.	Duffy, John M.	Jolley, Charles J.
Balon, Walter J.	Dugan, George	Kane, James A.
Barnes, Ellsworth J.	Duncan, Benjamin	Keith, Martin M., Jr.
Barrett, Clifford F.	Dyer, Edgar	Kiening, Charles A.
Baugher, Lester E.	Ebel, John C.	Kightlinger, Albert E.
Bearce, Jesse M.	Egbert, Russell	Kingeter, William L.
Behan, Willie H.	Eich, James B.	Kiple, Lyle L.
Benak, Frank	Ellis, Everett F.	Koch, Fred
Bennett, John P.	Fay, Hugh F.	Koch, George
Benson, William W.	Fisher, Joseph A.	Kosinsky, Frank
Bidwell, Robert F.	Fischer, William T.	Kraft, Charles V.
Bill, Walter	Ford, William E.	Kulik, Stanley
Birckhead, Oscar E.	Forsythe, Louis W.	Larizza, Philipo
Bilanciono, Domenico	Fox, John H.	Lashbrook, James
Borgman, Charles	Fullerton, Samuel T.	Lee, John O.
Borrini, David J.	Gates, Rudolph W.	Ling, Kerwin
Bough, Mathew J.	Galloway, William J.	Locher, August J.
Boyer, Melvin A.	Gerhart, George R.	Loggese, Guissepe
Bradley, Walter W.	Giberson, Charles D.	Malloy, William E.
Breneiser, Leroy F.	Good, Ray E.	Martin, John
Brewer, Edward	Gorman, Harry J.	McArthur, Elmer, Jr.
Bridges, Ernest	Grahn, Clarence W.	McClearey, Chester B.
Brogee, Carl E.	Gulik, Ignatius	McCue, Milton M.
Brooks, Joseph W.	Gurlinsky, Joseph	McFadden, Lawrence L.
Brown, German	Haferbecker, Ernest F.	McGrath, George I.
Brown, Raiford	Hammond, Daniel A.	McGrath, John T.
Bullard, William A.	Hargis, Elmer L.	McGuinness, Samuel
Burks, Frank	Harris, John T.	McWilliams, Edward
Burns, George W.	Harris, James H.	Miller, Joseph I.
Cahill, James C.	Hartman, Harvey W.	Milano, Matteo
Callahan, James E.	Hawkins, Herbert A.	Moore, Bert
Carey, Wright	Heflin, Cloyd B.	Moore, Rollie A.
Carroll, John C.	Henry, Charles R.	Morgan, Vane L.
Chapman, Robert L.	Henry, Charles R.	Morris, Thomas S.
Chappell, Jerold A.	Hensley, Lester	Morris, Elmer E.
Challender, Joseph	Herman, Arthur L.	Morrow, Guyle A.
Chase, Frank M.	Herman, Raly A.	Mott, Lee
Clouser, Harry	Harin, Edward P.	Mullennax, Charles V.
Compart, Henry W.	Harring, William Mc	Nation, Curtis B.
Canney, George	Hessler, John W.	Nashett, Guy E.
Collins, Dan H.	Hicks, Morhan H.	Niccoletti, Carmine
Connors, Joseph C.	Hinchsliff, Harry	Novitz, Henry
Costello, Michael J.	Hogan, Joe R.	Ocko, Benjamin
Cross, Joseph S.	Hillike, Charles A. S.	O'Connor, Edward J.

COMPANY ONE HUNDRED AND ONE (continued)

Oloszewski, Anthony	Scurlock, George	Stroebe, John W.
Owens, Olon B.	Schell, Robert G.	Stricker, Jasper D.
Parks, James E.	Schumacher, Albert T.	Sullivan, James F.
Pelliccioni, Antonio	Schmidt, Fred H.	Sullivan, Joseph E.
Perkins, Dalton C.	Sebertino, Mak	Taschner, Charles W.
Pickett, Cecil R.	Seiloff, Julius R.	Taylor, Charles
Pinkowski, John	Shee, Ralph H.	Teter, Everett R.
Place, Layton	Schaefer, William P.	Thum, Charles J.
Point, Sylvester	Shelton, Grandford W.	Tillett, John L.
Poland, Hiram	Shea, Cornelius	Tinnervin, Clarence
Pouder, Warren	Shinlever, McCarter	Toenges, Walter W.
Prosch, Louis G.	Sidebottom, George A.	Uebinger, Edwin
Poxon, Frank	Sims, Jesse M.	Vannaman, Clarence
Reese, Newton J.	Sisk, Johnie	Voit, George
Reiff, William	Skelly, Joseph C.	Volk, Oliver
Reynolds, Hobson	Smith, Robert	Walley, Arthur L.
Riddlebaugh, Louis F.	Smith, Joseph	Walker, Lester L.
Riley, Raymond	Smith, William	Weeks, Cecil C.
Reeder, Otto P.	Smith, Winfield A.	Wells, Sidney F.
Rhodes, Samuel T.	Smythe, Parks E.	Weidenfeller, William
Russell, Phillip L.	SoRelle, Fred A.	West, Samuel W.
Rivet, Arthur	Spyker, Noah O.	White, Louis V.
Salvatore, Antonio	Stahl, Karl	Wingate, Clifford N.
Rohan, Martin	Stahlhut, Gottlieb W.	Wissner, Harry C.
Sajtor, Jacob	Stater, Edgar A.	Wright, James T.
Samples, James C.	Stone, Stanley	

COMPANY ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE

<i>First Sergeant</i>	Schwartz, Peter H.	Bennett, William F.
Jones, Thomas A.	Smith, John L.	Boyce, Elmer E.
	Tindle, Norman	Blyle, John J.
<i>Sergeants</i>	Wagley, Claud R.	Bunge, Fred W.
Moseley, Charles E.	Zelhart, Elmer J.	Carangelo, Vincenzo
Reed, Frederick R.		Carr, Harry C.
Downs, John W.	<i>Mechanics</i>	Chelius, Luke A.
Soden, Ray E.	Cooper, Samuel R.	Cleveland, Albert C.
Wallace, Everett E.	Corbus, Merrit D.	Cornell, Newton
	Harvey, John E.	Corson, Esek O.
<i>Corporals</i>	Kearns, Charles O.	Donnelly, John A.
Bender, Samuel L.	Leonard, Hays H.	Dorion, Hugh P.
Connor, Ralph T.	Deluca, Ross	Dunnworth, Jess R.
Litton, George J.		Dyer, George
Matthys, Louis	<i>Cooks</i>	Ertel, William J.
Murphy, Michael	Keith, Charles L.	Felch, James B.
Offenburger, George F.	Rogers, John B.	Finn, Anthony
Oxner, Marvin	Sylvester, William E.	Fox, George A.
Reitler, William	Hoover, Gilbert S.	Frazzini, James
Reynolds, Raymond J.		Gessel, Leo L.
Riemersma, John	<i>Privates</i>	Gillespie, Harry S.
Rupe, Charles A.	Allen, Forrest E.	Gmurek, Vincent
	Bates, Claud	Gollnick, William P.

COMPANY ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE (continued)

Privates (continued)

Groff, Hiram A.
Guignard, Marcel A.
Haaverson, Thomas A.
Hajenga, Robert J.
Hannan, Albert
Hart, Robert J.
Hatley, Lonnie L.
Heichel, Floyd B.
Henry, Charles J.
Hesch, Theodore A.
Hinds, Clide O.
Hinkel, Robert J.
Hintz, Otto L.
Holdridge, Jerome
Hubeli, Charles E.
Hughes, Oscar
Irwin, Fenwick R.
Johnson, William F.
Jones, John L.
Kabacinski, Joseph J.
Karones, John
Kelly, James
Kershner, Parvin E.
Klimek, Stanislaw
Kohler, David
Kountz, Harry E.
Kuether, Frank
Lamphere, Lewis W.
Lawless, Leroy
Linn, Lyle R.
Lynch, Robert B.
Mains, Fred L.
Marquardt, Peter F.
Mattern, John
Miller, Harry A.
Milne, Robert C.
Moats, George D.
Moots, James A.
McDaniel, Ernest L.
McGinty, Thomas J.
McHugh, Edward
McKie, William A.
Nadolny, Walter H.
Norgan, Leonard W.
Olef, John
Paffel, William R.

Parker, F. L.
Parker, Frank K.
Phillips, Roy
Pollock, Lial C.
Porter, Earl L.
Powers, Henry D.
Previe, Henry J.
Pryor, Ivan D.
Puariea, Raymond J.
Quest, Richard F.
Quinn, Martin J.
Rasmussen, Thomas C.
Reed, Samuel H.
Reifke, Richard
Rexford, Sherwood E.
Richards, Sidney O.
Riley, Harry E.
Robb, John S.
Roles, Earl E.
Ross, Floyd M.
Roush, Clyde R.
Sands, Frank Q.
Santerre, Louis P.
Schanfeldt, John J.
Schneeberger, John G.
Schultz, Charles W.
Schultz, Gus P.
Scofield, William
Sergeant, Edward A.
Seeverzen, Edwin A.
Shafer, Harry E.
Shaver, Roy
Sheridan, James H.
Shelton, Ralph A.
Skada, Thomas
Slotsve, Hjalmar T.
Smith, Albert E.
Smith, Harold M.
Smith, Arthur
Smith, James W.
Smith, Luther
Smith, Robert L.
Snader, Daniel W.
Snyder, John D.
Solie, Arthur L.
Southcomb, Paul W.
Southerland, Jesse G.

Sparks, Foster
Spence, Elmer V.
Spitzer, Spurgeon S.
Sponsler, Craig R.
Srb, Joseph
Stade, Edward H.
Stamatis, James J.
Stanart, George R.
Stein, Otto A. H.
Steltenpohl, Clarence B.
Steppy, Peter J.
Stevens, Clyde M.
Stordel, Herman P.
Sundry, Fred P.
Sutton, Hadley J.
Taylor, Paul W.
Taylor, William
Templeton, Gordon L.
Thom, Walter E.
Thomas, Edward V.
Thomas, Edward
Thomas, Ernest C.
Townsend, Orion O.
Unger, Daniel
Van Ormer, Roy E.
Vear, George E.
Vidal, Jesus M.
Walsh, Fred
Washington Wm. T.
Weiskat, Wm.
Wells, Fred
Wester, Oscar
Wickham, Arthur
Williard, Thomas H.
Williams, Idris
Williams, Roger V.
Wilson Grant
Wilson, Robert N.
Windt, Garret
Wiseman, Lawrence B.
Witcher, Guy S.
Wolf, Christian W.
Woodruff, William
Woolsey, Walter E.
Woolard, Fred M.
Wright, William F.
Yonkers, Clemont

COMPANY ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE

First Sergeant

Bennett, William F.

Mess Sergeant

Laurence, Guilford C.

Supply Sergeant

Knoderer, Harry L.

Sergeants, First Class

Johnson, Frank
McBriar, John J.
McGuire, Franklin M.
Martin, John L.
Swartz, Wm. K.
Taylor, Jack L.

Master Engineer, Jr. Gr.

Lemon, Stanley G.

Band Sergeant Major

Dennis, Otto C.

Sergeants

Farmer, Charles O.
Grearson, Ray G.
McCormick, Wallace H.
McDonough, James A.
McPeck, Thomas T.
Miles, George W.
Moelk, John H.
Nealy, Roy
O'Brien, William J.
Stahl, Ernest D.
Storey, Frazier T.
Wallschlayer, M. M.
Weinberg, Richard D.

Corporals

Barnett, Earl
Driscoll, Charles
Dyer, Edgar
Elmer, Cecil D.
Farwell, Kerlin L.
Hrala, Albert Jr.
Jensen, Karl
Kilgore, Frank A.
Mackin, Leo J.
Martinson, Martin
Middleton, Gilbert B.

Pahl, Adolph
Perz, Rudolph
Polson, George L.
Sills, Millard M.
Smith, Luther
Smith, Thomas D.
Straub, Ernest C.
Thomas, Charles E.
Vanderford, Lee
Vinson, Linzie
Wilson, Frank
Wyatt, Elmer L.

Cooks

Burgess, Frank W.
Dennis, Floyd I.
Hanes, Wm. E.
Hyde, Wm. W.
Latty, Thos. E.
Netzel, Roman
McCloskey, David A.
Smith, Earl

Privates, First Class

Anderson, Carl A.
Baker, Ellis H.
Brandenburgh, Wm.
Brogas, John H.
Brown, Archie
Campbell, Robert
Carr, Ernest E.
Carroll, Thos. J.
Cooper, Charles
Eaton, Fred L.
Elmore, Egbert A.
Featherstone, Joseph
Fitzgerald, Maurice
Fruebach, Herman S.
Hagmayer, Edward J.
Honerlaw, Harry B.
Johnson, Charles W.
Jorgenson, George M.
King, Henry L.
Kohler, David
Koho, Harold B.
Love, Grover C.
McKane, Wm. L.
McNeil, Archie D.
Mackey, Harry B.
Manion, John
Martin, Edward A.
Martin, John

Martin, Wm. A.
Martin, Thos. J.
Marquardt, Peter F.
Matthewman, Earl
Mellon, Ralph
Moran, John E.
Murphy, Harold E.
O'Reilly, Ambrose M.
Raines, Ben H.
Ringham, Sigfried O.
Robinson, Frank
Rohrback, Thomas N.
Schneider, Edward F.
Scott, Andrew J.
Seagle, Daniel H.
Slack, Luther
Stackawitz, Henry A.
Steddon, Clifford E.
Stinson, Elmer A.
Stoner, Claude W.
Travis, Harry M.
Trepanier, Alexander
Vickman, John W.
Walsh, John J.
Williams, Edward F.
Warning, John
Wells, Raymond V.
Wiese, Otto H.
Wilse, Willie H.
Wilson, Wiley B.
Wright, Perrow G.
Zampino, Tony

Privates

Adams, Samuel G.
Alexander, Clarence M.
Alter, Byron W.
Ante, John J.
Apfel, Adolph A.
Armand, Arthur W.
Asbury, Emory
Auburn, James M.
Aumann, Louis
Baasch, Theodore H.
Baird, LeRoy R.
Barnaclo, Ralph F.
Bates, Louis
Beasty, Michael
Becker, Henry F.
Beckett, Newton A.
Beckham, Harry L.
Bernieri, Guiseppe

COMPANY ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE (continued)

Privates (continued)

Berry Roy E.	Hannan, Albert	Lenhardt, Joseph
Beyer, Carl H.	Hardin, Albert W.	Leonard, Clyde C.
Bourion, Louis M.	Harold, Austin L.	Lieb, Harry
Branley, Thomas F.	Hart, George	Lilla, Vincent J.
Brenizer, Louis C.	Hatley, Lonnie L.	Lindner, Raymond G.
Brewer, John H.	Heath, Martin C.	Long, Henry A.
Brown, Alexander L.	Heidrich, John A.	Loyd, Asa R.
Brown, Clarence A.	Henderson, Raymond D.	Lupien, Alex
Brown, Herbert W.	Henry, Charles J.	Lyman, Clifton L.
Brown, Wilbur A.	Hiltebrand, Charles	Lyons, Alva F.
Briel, Frank	Hirshey, Noie	McCarty, Florence J.
Buckalow, Wm. W.	Hood, Robert W.	McDaniels, Alva M.
Caldwell, Theodore R.	Hubeli, Charles E.	McDonald, John F.
Cassey, Josephus	Hyde, Edward W.	McDonald, Charles W.
Caswell, Justin H.	Isaacson, Edward O.	McDowell, Luther A.
Carlisle, Wm. F.	James, Louis B.	McFadden, Ignatius L.
Carpenter, Shelt	Jastrzenski, Simon	McFarland, Lee L.
Carroll, Charles W.	Jeeter, Ernest F.	McGill, Ray F.
Cavanaugh, Thomas	Jones, Colman W.	McCreery, Wm.
Clowney, Dennis C.	Jones, John L.	McKinley, Homer F.
Conlin, James	Juszkowski, Michael F.	McKnight, James
Corcoran, John J.	Jones, Joseph B.	McLaughlin, Roma
Connell, Charles M.	Kanaar, Peery J.	Maierhofer, Christ J.
Cowling, Alva R.	Kelly, Charles W.	Maike, Rudolph J.
D'Attorro, Ernesto	Kelly, James	Maisey, Joseph N.
Dagan, George J.	Kelly, John J.	Malone, James E.
Deakins, Edward W.	Kelly, Michael E.	Malloy, Guy
DePan, Michael C.	Kennedy, Jay	Mangiaracino, Jasper
Dishaw, Hurley L.	Ketzel, Clarence E.	Mariani, Joseph
Dunleavy, John	Kevil, George W.	Markey, William
Eagan, Thomas J.	Kiefer, George J.	Masessman, Samuel H.
Edwards, Charles M.	King, John B.	Midcap, Lloyd L.
Ericson, Arvid T.	Kingsland, Earl J.	Miller, Peter A.
Fehr, Roy J.	Kinney, Oliver E.	Milne, Robert C.
Fisher, Frederick E.	Kirk, Harry H.	Mehring, Albert C.
Fisk, Rupert B.	Kish, Fred G.	Meeks, James H.
Franklin, James H.	Kisner, Allen J.	Meek, William B.
Galland, Ray	Kline, Frederick	Monday, William
Garren, John	Knapp, Fred	Montgomery, Wm. A.
Gasdor, Joseph A.	Koppenhaver, George A.	Moran, Robert E.
Gilboyne, Thomas A.	Krassin, Benj. M.	Morris, George C.
Godin, Frank	Krauss, George A.	Morrison, Robert C.
Goede, August	Krostad, Iver A.	Mory, Harold M.
Grant, Wm. J.	Krupa, John	Moyer, Duane E.
Green, Cassius D.	Kuhn, Edwin E.	Mueller, Charles W.
Grossmeyinck, John H.	Kwistkowski, Anthony	Mullen, James M.
Gundelfinger, Roy J.	Lain, Charles W.	Muller, Henry
Gunderson, Ole K.	Landis, Earl C.	Music, Elza S.
Hagey, Gaskill C.	Lathim, Walter L.	Nazzaro, Joseph F.
Haight, Denzil	Laurence, Wm. J.	Neylan, Joseph M.
Halligan, Frank	Lawless, Leroy	Newlin, Lawrence I.
	Lenaci, John	Nichols, John W.

COMPANY ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE (continued)

Privates (continued)

Nixon, James A.
 Nounnermacher, G. H.
 Nurmi, Earl M.
 O'Brien, Edward D.
 Paquette, Henry F.
 Peaslee, Wm. E.
 Pecor, James O.
 Pechette, Charles A.
 Peters, Harold P.
 Quest, Richard F.
 Redenour, Harry H.
 Rogers, Wm. B.
 Scassofova, Felice
 Schaefer, John H.
 Schamberg, Frederick
 Schamfeldt, John J.
 Schneider, Albert F.
 Schrader, Alvin A.
 Scott, Walter
 Scofield, Wm.
 Schaffer, Chauncey
 Severson, Louis
 Shampine, Wm. L.
 Shevel, Steve
 Shimel, John J.
 Shively, James R.
 Short, Warren H.

Shufelt, George L.
 Shymonovicz, John G.
 Skulitz, John
 Smith, Charles W.
 Smith, Clay M.
 Smith, Fred C.
 Smith, Joseph J.
 Smith, Thomas F.
 Snyder, Ray S.
 Stamp, George C., Jr.
 Staruska, Peter
 Stauffer, Harper W.
 Steinberg, Erick H.
 Stevens, Harry M.
 Stone, Millard M.
 Stoner, Clarence E.
 Stromberg, Vernie A.
 Sullivan, Raymond J.
 Summersett, Elger F.
 Swanson, Edward G.
 Swartout, Clarence
 Templeton, Gordon L.
 Terry, McKinley M.
 Thompson, Edwin N.
 Turner, Adolphus A.
 Wargo, Stephen J.
 Weddle, Jesse H.
 Weiskat, Wm.

Weppler, Henry G.
 Wester, Oscar
 Windsor, Harry
 Winkel, Simon
 Wisner, Allen V.
 Wiseman, Warnie G.
 Wood, Chester C.
 Wozniak, Andrew
 Zemechis, Wm.

Losses by Transfer

Sergeants

Murphy, Michael J.
 Smith, Benjamin E.

Corporals

Ellis, Henry W.
 Jones, Henry G.

Privates

Allen, David
 Anderson, Roy L.
 Clayton, Ray R.
 Eichelberger, Ralph O.
 Ford, Arthur W.
 Guldager, Nels P. M.
 Hammil, Cyril O.
 Hurst, Edward L.

COMPANY TWENTY

First Sergeant

Price, Earl R.

Sergeant, First Class

Gardner, Wilder
 Rouch, George E.
 Rowen, John H.
 Senseney, James W.

Supply Sergeant

Joyce, Walter F.

Mess Sergeant

Cook, Francis M.

Sergeants

Calverd, Wm. R.
 Carter, Asa B.
 Jenkins, Clyde C.
 Larkin, Michael P.

McKeen, Edw.
 Mollenkof, Albert
 Price, Festus W.
 Robertson, Earl L.
 Schmidt, Carl
 Sherrod, Wm. R.
 Wood, Seth P.

Corporals

Donato, Sam
 Dow, Robert G.
 Dunivant, Chas.
 Greer, Eldon C.
 Killion, Wiley R.
 McClary, Michael
 Neuman, Wm.
 Osborne, W.
 Pinski, Bennie
 Rassinski, Charles
 Renshaw, Wm. B.
 Sauer, Fred

Spearman, Michael
 Warren, Ellis R.
 Widell, James
 Williams, Harry T.

Cooks

Bernieri, Guiseppe
 Porchoroff, Sager S.
 Bichnese, Herman
 Buchmiller, Wm. F.
 Spink, Wm.

Mechanics

Davidson, Frank
 Keegan, Peter L.
 Magill, David R.
 McGloss, Daniel P.
 Montgomery, Robert
 Osborne, John
 Rosentritt, Hugo L.

COMPANY TWENTY (continued)

Bugler

Haley, Baker

Privates, First Class

Bell, Joseph
Blasiuski, Jack
Brown, Morrison
Brandenburg, Wm.
Brogas, John H.
Burnham, Wm. C.
Coss, Thomas
Carr, Ernest E.
Churchill, Benj.
Collins, Earl J.
Cooper, Charles
Cowling, George
Curtis, Elmer J.
Daniels, Claude R.
DeFrenne, Hector
Eason, Walter J.
Eckstein, George
Fitzgerald, Maurice J.
Flating, Alfred
Fruebach, Herman
Gincopassa, John
Frehbird, John
Harnung, Thomas
Harris, Arthur H.
Hopkins, Walter J.
Hebel, John J.
Kagle, Chas. H.
Logsdon, Richard
Lundquist, Arthur J.
Matthewman, Earl J.
Mathies, Frank A.
McWhirter, Tom E.
McCluskey, Thomas A.
McMyne, William J.
McWilliams, Elmer J.
Merkle, Christ
Miller, Willie E.
Muller, Henry C.
McCord, Perry B.
Newell, Ernest C.
O'Brien, Michael J.
Pierdolla, Roma C.
Richards, Garrett
Ringham, Sigfried
Rohrbach, Thos. N.
Shuster, John L.
Scott, Andrew J.
Smith, Earl

Snyder, Harry
Stachawitz, Harry
Stevenson, Randal R.
Tinnelly, William
Walsh, Ray E.
Walsh, John J.
Whalen, Christopher
Winter, Henry C.
Young, Will

Privates

Adams, Samuel G.
Amason, Willie W.
Ashby, Oscar E.
Bane, James R.
Boyer, Carl H.
Bishoff, Chas. G.
Buck, Wm.
Bucken, Michael
Burmeister, Tiench
Butler, Wm. H.
Cancik, Bert
Caldwell, Theodore R.
Carr, John B.
Carlisle, Wm.
Cartwright, Harmon E.
Cavanaugh, Thomas
Chappel, Thomas J.
Corcoran, John J.
Crichton, George
Curns, John H.
Dahl, Olaf
DeBellis, Pietro
Delia, Sebastine
Diroma, Joe
Durski, Michael
Dziduh, George
Dymtorko, John F.
Elliott, Thomas
Eyrich, John H.
Ferrotti, Lacelide
Fletcher, Joseph
Flanigan, George
Fisk, Rupert B.
Fox, Irvin J.
Fraser, George
Galligan, Owen
Gasdor, Jos.
Hansen, Magnus
Hannigan, Thomas J.
Hart, George
Harold, Austin L.

Harrity, Rupert A.
Hicks, Edward P.
Hood, Robert W.
Horon, Patrick
Hoyne, John J.
Jackson, Clarence
Jardine, Ross L.
Johnson, Oscar E.
Jensen, Wm. C.
Krauss, George A.
Kreage, Herbert
Krueger, Henry B.
Koppenhaver, George
Kueck, John F.
Lawton, Meredith
Leslie, Merle B.
Lieb, Harry
Livingston, Howard
Lynn, Froeeom
Lyons, Richard
Mangirie, Roger V.
Maple, Harvey D.
Mason, Hugh
McKeene, William
McLauchlan, Major
Mellberg, Paul
Mickey, Harlem A.
Mitchell, Charles M.
Moore, James H., Jr.
Moser, Henry Carl
Morris, James H.
Mulhall, James
Murphy, John W.
Nelson, Oscar
Neilson, Marius
Nordheim, Walter
Nordquest, Gustaff
North, Elmer G.
Nurmi, Earl H.
O'Hara, James
Paris, Joseph Jr.
Perrego, Russell J.
Pferching, Edward
Pickens, Thomas C.
Purseon, John
Purpur, Jacob
Reed, William R.
Rote, Kenneth W.
Ruck, Fred
Schmidt, William E.
Schwab, Albert
Schemel, Francis

COMPANY TWENTY (continued)

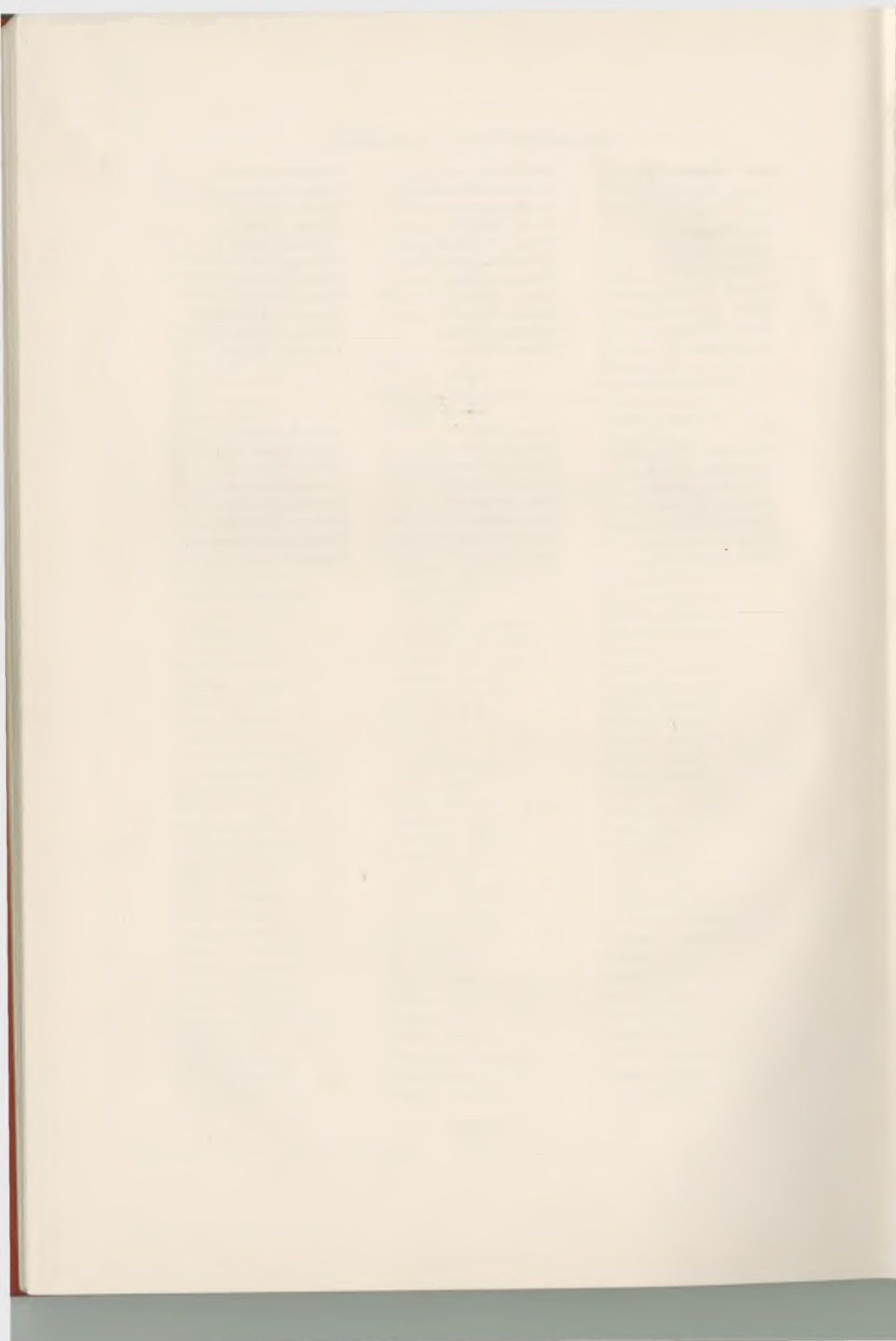
Privates (continued)

Schuck, Stephen G.	Stahl, Oscar	Washburn, George
Scott, Walter	Stevenson, Franklin J.	Wargo, Stephen
Shaw, Edmund	St. John, James E.	Werner, William A.
Shields, Lester	Stump, John J.	Whitley, James
Sicheletiel, Harry	Swayne, Walter B.	Williams, James A.
Seibert, Henry L.	Thompson, Edgar	Williams, Fred
Smith, Thomas	Thurman, Oscar	Wilson, Frank
Smith, William	Urban, Walter	Winkle, Simon
Stach, John	Vezzoni, Lewis	Wopperer, Lawrence
	Volkman, George	Wutzer, George, Jr.
	Walton, William	Yasinsky, August

MEDICAL DETACHMENT

Privates

Alexander, William A.	Hines, Larry	Sandock, Dave
Carruthers, Leo B.	Leigh, Luvern	Scone, Emmett R.
D'Attorro, Ernesto	Nicholson, Leo C.	Sitton, Myrtus O.
Driscoll, Charles	Parker, Lonnie W.	Stephen, William N.
Duncan, William C.	Peter, Harry W.	Stonecipher, Burl
Ferrier, Andrew A.	Pherson, Harry N.	Walker, Macon G.
Haag, Frank M.	Reid, William S.	Wieszchowski, John R.
	Robb, Albert V.	Wood, Fred D.



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